The *English*

PRINCESS,

OR THE

Dutchess-Queen.

A

RELATION

OF

ENGLISH and *FRENCH*

ADVENTURES.

A NOVEL.

In Two PARTS.

LONDON,

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Engliſh Princeſs,
OR THE
Dutcheſs QUEEN.

The Firſt PART.

THE Monarchy of *England* having been long in diſpute betwixt the two Roſes, the Red of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, and the White of that of *York*, fell at length to the peaceable inheritance

of the former; and never appeared in greater ſplendour, than in the time of *Henry* the Eighth.

This Prince being of a moſt ſharp and piercing wit, by ſtudy and learning advanced daily more and more in knowledg; and was no ſooner at the age of eighteen Crowned King, but that he ſeemed already to hold in his hands the Fate of all *Europe*. All that was to be blamed in him, was his love of pleaſures, which in progreſs of time got the Dominion over him, and ſome kind of fickleneſs, the blemiſh of ſeveral of his Family: he had a delicate and well-proportioned body, a countenance of ſingular beauty, and ſhewed always ſuch an Air of Majeſty and Greatneſs, as inſpired both love and reverence in all that beheld him.

At his Aſſumption to the Crown, when his heart was not as yet ſubjected to the pleaſures of ſenſe, it was but a meer ſcruple of conſcience that made him unwilling to marry *Catharine* of *Spain*, his Brothers Widow,

dow, to whom the late King his Father had betrothed him three years before his Death; no engagements in love with any other Miſtreſſes at that time being any ways the cauſe of his averſion. But two of his chief Miniſters, who had been formerly private Penſioners of *Iſabel* of *Caſtile*, having repreſented to him the loſſes that he was likely to ſuſtain by a miſ-underſtanding with *Spain*, eaſily cleared all his doubts: ſo that at length he made uſe of the diſpenſation, which with much difficulty had been obtained at *Rome* for his marriage; and the League, which at the ſame time King *Ferdinand* his Brother-in-law propoſed to him, with *Pope Julius* the Second, the Emperour *Maximilian*, and the *Swiſſes*, againſt *Louis* the Twelfth, King of *France*, filled him with ſo high an opinion of himſelf, that there hath been nothing more lovely than the firſt years of his marriage and Reign. And indeed he gave himſelf ſo wholly to jollity and mirth, amidſt the great deſigns which he contrived, that his Ex-

ample being a pattern to his Court, it became ſo compleatly gallant, that the Ladies themſelves thought it no offence to decency, publickly to own their Votaries.

The Princeſs *Mary* his younger Siſter, as ſhe excelled in Quality, ſo ſhe exceeded the reſt in Beauty. *Margaret* the eldeſt married to the King of *Scotland*, had only the advantage of her in Birth; for in Beauty her ſhare was ſo great, that there was never any Princeſs who deſerved more to be loved. The qualities of her mind, and Character of her Parts will ſufficiently appear in the ſequel of this diſcourſe; and as to her body, nothing was wanting that might render it perfect: her complexion was fair, her ſoft skin enriched with that delicate whiteneſs, which the Climate of *England* beſtows commonly on the Ladies of that Countrey, and the round of her face inclining near to a perfect Oval. Though her eyes were not the greateſt, yet they poſſeſſed all that could be deſired in the loveliest

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eyes in the World. They were quick with mildneſs, and ſo full of love, that with a ſingle glance they darted into the coldeſt breaſts, all the flames that ſparkled in themſelves. Her mouth was not inferiour to her eyes, for being very little, and ſhut with lips of a perpetual Vermilion, in its natural frame it preſented an object, not to be parallel'd for Beauty; and when again it opened, whether to laugh or ſpeak, it always afforded thouſands of new Charms. What has been ſaid of her pretty mouth, may be likewiſe ſaid of her fair hands; which by their nimbleneſs and dexterity in the ſmalleſt actions, ſeemed to embelliſh themſelves: but more might be ſpoken of the Soveraign Beauty of her Neck, which when age had brought it to perfection, became the maſter-piece of Nature. Her Stature was none of the talleſt; but ſuch as Ladies ought to have to pleaſe and delight; and her gate, addreſs, and preſence, promiſed ſo much, that it is no wonder that the Charms of

Nature, accompanied with a tender and paſſionate heart, gained her before the age of fifteen the Conqueſt of moſt of her Fathers Subjects.

Before ſhe was compleat twelve years of age, ſhe was promiſed in marriage to Prince *Charles* of *Auſtria*, heir to the Kingdom of *Caſtile*, and ſince named *Charles* the Fifth. For *Lowis* the Twelfth of *France* having fruſtrated that young Prince of the hopes of marrying the Princeſs *Claudia*, his daughter, by deſigning her for the Duke of *Valois*, his preſumptive heir; notwithſtanding the natural averſion that *Anne* of *Brittanie* his Queen had againſt him; *Henry* the Seventh no ſooner underſtood that the alliance of the houſe of *Auſtria* with *France* was unlikely to ſucceed, but he began to think on means of contracting it with *England*. *Richard Fox* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, was therefore ſent to *Calais* to negotiate in his name that marriage with the Deputies of *Flanders*, who thereupon concluded a Treaty to the ſatisfaction of all

all Parties. But the alteration of the King changed all theſe meaſures. *Henry* the Eighth having in a manner againſt his will married the Aunt of the young Arch-Duke, found not in that ſecond Union with *Spain*, all the advantages which his Father ſeemed to foreſee: and whether it was already an effect of repentance, as ſome termed it; or that he had in it the particular deſign, which men had ground to ſuſpect ſince; he many times in diſcourſe approved the ancient cuſtom of his Kingdom, of not giving in marriage the Daughters or Siſters of the Kings out of the *Iſland*, for which he was ſo applauded by all, that even thoſe of his Council, who were the leaſt complaiſant, made it by little and little, (as he did) a reaſon of State to forget the propoſals of *Calais*. So that now the Princeſs *Mary*, being free from the engagement of the late King her Father, and the great Men of *England* eying her as a bleſſing to be enjoyed by the moſt

happy, ſhe found her ſelf amidſt a croud of lovers, who in the peace and quiet of the Kingdom, made it their whole buſineſs to diſquiet themſelves.

Amongſt the moſt ſparkling and aſſiduous pretenders, *Edward Gray*, Son to the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, and *Henry Bourchier*, Son to *Thomas* Earl of *Eſſex*, appeared the chief: *Charles* Son to Sir *Charles Sommerſet*, Lord High Chamberlain, came next; and *Thomas Howard*, Son to *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*, Lord High Treaſurer, with *William Talbot*, Son to *George* Earl of *Shrewsbury*, Steward of the Kings Houſhold, put in amongſt the reſt. Theſe five Rivals being already very conſiderable by the Quality of their Fathers, all chief Miniſters of State, immediately declared their pretenſions with magnificence ſuitable to the Dignity of the fair Princeſs, to whom they made love: they were all alike well received, and the courteous and obliging humour of the Lady *Mary*, made every one of them eaſi-

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ly believe in a ſhort time to become her greateſt favourite. But love blinded their eyes; for a ſixth and more ſecret Rival gained the prize that all contended for: and though his Quality did not ſeem to capacitate him to conteſt with them in any thing, yet the Kings favour, and his own worth largely ſupplied what otherways he wanted.

His name was *Charles* the pretended Son of *Robert Brandon*, of a noble Family in *Suffolk*, and an unblemiſhed life. Yet he had greater reſpect given him, as being the Nephew of *William Brandon*, and *Edward Haſtings*; the former of great Renown in the Battel of *Boſworth*, where carrying the Standard of *Henry* the Seventh, he was killed by *Richard* the Uſurper himſelf, as he endeavoured to ſtop his flight: and the other ſtill alive was no leſs famous in the Battel of *Black-heath*, where the ſeditious *Flammock*, with the Rebels of *Kent* and *Cornhil*, were overthrown.

To this Uncle by the Mother it was,

was, that he owed the greateſt part of his merit, having had from him a moſt ingenious and liberal education; for after the death of thoſe that were believed to be his Parents, who died in that fatal plague, which made ſo great havock in *England* in the beginning of that Age, he was always the ſole object of his care. His ſuppoſed Mother named *Anne Haſtings*, a woman of great Parts, and ſufficient Beauty to make her the ſubject of ſome ſlanderous and detracting Tongues, had been pitched upon for Nurſe to the King, not only becauſe of the noble blood of which ſhe was deſcended, but alſo of that to which ſhe was allied: but at firſt ſhe made ſome difficulty of accepting the charge, which was then only imputed to the haughtineſs inſpired into her, either by the nobility of her extraction, of which ſhe ſeemed always a little vain, or by the remains of ſome ſelf-love which ſhe ſtill retained, though ſhe had other reaſons for it. Nor would

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ſhe undertake that care, till ſhe had aſſurance that the child whom ſhe called her Son, ſhould be bred with her at Court. And *Henry* the Seventh, having afterward entertained her at Court, in conſideration of the ſervices that he had received of her Brother-in-law, and did daily receive from her own Brother; and finding the young *Henry* much more vigorous and healthy than *Arthur* Prince of *Wales* and the Princeſs *Margaret* his two firſt Children, which gave him reaſon to congratulate his having ſo good a Nurſe; it happened luckily that ſix years after ſhe having proved with child, at the ſame time that the Queen was big of the Princeſs *Mary*; he would have her employed again in the bringing up of that fourth child, that was to be born to him; notwithſtanding that *Robert Brandon*, her Husband, being at that time troubled with ſome peeviſh fits of jealouſie, deſigned to carry her back into the Countrey. By this means *Charles* having known

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the Princeſs *Mary* from the Cradle, had always, as being her Nurſes Son, freer acceſs unto her, than his Rivals with all their greatneſs could pretend to. Beſides this, during the abſence of *Edward Haſtings*, who alone remained alive to take the care of him; the Dutcheſs of *Bedford*, chief Governeſs of the Children of the Royal Family, having taken him into protection, allowed him free liberty at all hours of the day to viſit her appartment: and the Lady *Latimer* Sub-governeſs, who deſired ſtill to be thought young and fair, and was not far beyond the bounds of either, entertained for her part ſomewhat more than eſteem for the lovely *Brandon*. All put together, gave him great Priviledges with the young Princeſs; and *Henry* the Eighth by promoting daily the affairs of Old *Haſtings*, to whom he was to be ſole heir, ſeemed ſufficiently to authoriſe all the ambition that the young Nephew was capable of. He had already great intimacy with

with the Prince, and was the Confident of his moſt ſecret Pleaſures; and as he daily heaped Favours and Honours upon him, he was often heard ſay, That he could not do too much for the handſomeſt Gentleman in his Kingdom: beſides, he was beautiful like himſelf, and of the ſame age and ſtature; his Meen and Preſence ſhewed even ſomewhat more accompliſhed; and by the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and generoſity, in many rancounters he gained the very eſteem of his envious competitours. The too young age and immaturity of Princeſs *Mary* of *England* was the reaſon, that during the Reign of the late King, and until the project of her marriage with the Prince of *Spain*, he had not diſcovered to her his love, but by looks and ſighs, whereof in all probability ſhe underſtood not as yet the ſecret language: but in a conjuncture ſo troubleſom to a lover as that was, taking counſel only of his paſſion, that he might bewail his de-

deſtiny, he ſpake to her in a more intelligible ſtrain.

This happened at *Windſor*, where *Henry* the Seventh drawing toward his end, deſired only to be attended with a ſmall Train. The ſatisfaction that the Princeſs might have to be one day Wife to a King of *Spain*, ſerved for pretext to *Brandon*; who paſſionately told her, That as it was moſt reaſonable that ſhe ſhould rejoyce to marry a Prince, who was to carry ſo many Crowns; ſo it was no leſs, that he ſhould grieve to loſe her for ever: at length lifting his eyes and hands to Heaven, he mournfully cryed, *That it was very terrible and cruel for ſuch a wretch as he, to love the Daughter of his King more than himſelf!* Neither the vehemency of this Action, nor the boldneſs of the Diſcourſe at leaſt ſurpriſed the young Princeſs; for being ſo little accuſtomed to keep her diſtances with *Brandon*, ſhe dreamt of no more but wonted familiarity, and fancied (as he might well

well wiſh) that his expreſſions proceeded only from fear of being ſeparated from her: ſo that without diving farther into the myſtery, wherein as yet ſhe was not very skilful, and finding nothing in his diſcourſe but what was obliging; ſhe had the goodneſs to anſwer him, that it was poſſible the Propoſitions of *Calais* might not take effect; and that he ought not to be afflicted before the time. Some days after ſhe ſtarted to him again the ſame diſcourſe, and ſoothed him by all the ways that her age could poſſibly imagine, in ſo much as ſhe vowed and proteſted againſt the marriage that he was in fear of; and it muſt indeed be granted that ſhe omitted nothing that might give content to his mind, or fewel to his paſſion: though it cannot be imagined that her innocent age at that time entertained any thoughts of love. *Henry* the Seventh in the mean time returned to ſpend his Winter at *London*, where dying in the ſpring, he

he made place for his Son, who being Crowned by the name of *Henry* the Eighth, began with many favours to teſtifie his eſteem for *Brandon.*

The firſt inſtance of the confidence that he ſhewed him (which he imparted to none, but him alone during the Ceremonies of his marriage; and which appeared the more ſatisfactory to this favorite, that being then honoured with the office of chief Ranger of *England*, he found himſelf in a condition of making his advantage of it), was, the deſign he had not to marry the Princeſs his Siſter to any out of his Kingdom. He told him, that it was one of the ancienteſt maxims of State, and poſſibly the beſt; and to hint to him that he himſelf might have ſome intereſt in that deſign, he added, looking on him with a favourable air, that he ſhould endeavour to chuſe a perſon whoſe Family was not ſo conſiderable as to become ſuſpected: ſo that the

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marriage projected between his young Sister, and the young Arch-Duke, should not take effect; and that, he having with much reluctancy married the Aunt of that Prince, he desired him not for a Brother-in-law. But the matter beginning to be divulged, and the general applause, wherewith it was received by all, opening the eyes of the most part of the young Court-gallants, *BRANDON* perceived not at length that facility in it, which appeared to him at first. Love is a great Master, and there is no virtue wherein it instructs not true Lovers, when it intends to render them acceptable to the person beloved. He then, so far from flattering himself with the pleasant thoughts that he had entertained, and which so many others seemed to entertain as well as himself, laying aside

all conſideration of ſelf-love, and not reflecting on his danger, in ſpeaking to the Princeſs contrary to the Sentiments of the KING; told her, that ſhe ſhould no more dream of the Crowns of *CASTILE* and *ARRAGON*; and that the deſigns as to her, were far different from that. He immediately diſcovered all, as a perſon really devoted to her Service: he proteſted againſt that State-policy, to which ſhe was to be ſacrificed: told her, that he had rather dye, than ſee her a Subject in *England*, when one of the greateſt Princes of *Europe* deſired her in marriage; and with a Reſentment equal to the favour received, reflecting on the complaiſance wherewith ſhe was once pleaſed to conceal from him all her ambition, he ſubjoyned, that he was become ambitious for her; and that deſiring

firing, at what rate ſo ever, to reſtore to her again, what ſhe had ſo liberally beſtowed on him, he diſowned all that he had had the boldneſs to ſay at *Windſor*, againſt her marriage with the Prince of *Spain*. His ſighs ſpake the reſt with more paſſionateneſs than at that time he deſired; and although *Mary* of *England* was not full Twelve years old, yet ſhe ſo well underſtood the language of that paſſionate Lover, and her heart was ſo diſpoſed to admit a flame, that having wiped away the Tears that trickled from her lovely eyes, and done as much for *BRANDON*, ſhe prayed him not to torment himſelf for the future: adding, with glances that ſparkled goodneſs, that ſhe had rather ſee him afflicted at *Windſor* for the project of her marriage, than in *London* vexed at the rupture of it.

It may be thought ſtrange, that at ſuch an age ſhe was ſo ſenſible. But it may be likewiſe ſaid, that ſhe being of a ſoft and ſweet diſpoſition, and inclined naturally to mirth, it was but an agreeable ſurprize that triumphed only on her gentle and cheerful humour. The pleaſure of being beloved, was the only thing that made her love, her views went no farther; and love which is in that manner communicated betwixt young perſons, makes the deluſions of ſenſe ſometimes ſo powerful over them, that by that means alone it betrays them before they know what it is.

It is not then to be wondered at, that if the Princeſs *Mary* being by a firſt Lover drawn into ſome pleaſant miſtake, the other pretenders who made love to

to her, after that the intention of the KING became known, appeared not in her eyes to be ſo deſerving as they were; who with great aſſiduity having ſerved her for the ſpace of two years, with all the gallantry and pomp that the Tranquillity of the Kingdom enabled them to employ, at length diſcovered the root and fountain of their misfortune; and ſeeing love ſometimes breaks off upon a ſlight, and is ſometimes converted into fury, the wiſer deſiſted from their ſuit, and the others united againſt their common Enemy. Of the firſt ſort were *Howard* and *Talbot:* but *Gray*, *Bourchier* and *Sommerſet* vowed the death of *BRANDON*. They conſidered not that ſuch an attempt would expoſe the lovely Princeſs to publick Calumny, and themſelves to inevitable diſgrace, or perhaps to ſomething worſe.

Jealouſie that reigned in them, ſuffered them not to make any ſuch reflections; and they had never eſcaped the risk they ran, had not fortune by forſaking them in their enterprise, taken greater care of their lives, than they themſelves were able to do.

The love that the King had for *Cecile Blunt*, Daughter to the Lord *Latimer*, which began before his marriage, and grew greater daily by enjoyment, poſſeſſed the chief place in his heart, notwithſtanding of the diſtractions occaſioned him by the League; into which after many delays he entred at laſt againſt the KING of *FRANCE*: yet whether it was for the ſake of the QUEEN, whom he would not put out of humour, whilſt the troubleſom inconveniencies of an imaginary

ginary conception renewed her grief for the loſs of her firſt Child; or becauſe that young Lady lived in the retinue of the Princeſs his Siſter, he gave but very few marks of it. On the contrary he ſeemed to make Courtſhip to the young Counteſs of *Derby*, and ſome other Beauties at Court, thereby to divert the obſervation of the more curious; and although the Lady *Latimer*, more ambitious than prudent, was acceſſary to her Daughters ſlips; yet that afforded him not all the poſſible advantages he deſired. It behoved him often to ſteal his opportunities by night, and to paſs in diſguiſe through a great part of his Palace in *London*, and Houſe of pleaſure at *Greenwich*, where the apartment of the Princeſs his Siſter happened always to be croſs to his deſigns; in which he never truſted any but one dome-

ſtick Servant, two of his Guards, and the faithful *BRANDON*. He made even commonly uſe of that favorite to conceal himſelf under his name; and without conſidering the wrong he might do to the Princeſs, theſe Night-rambles paſſed for the feats of *BRANDON*, that went to viſit the Princeſs *Mary*. However, he would not that any ſhould ſay ſo much, when his company were ſurpriſed, and could not avoid the eyes of ſome watchful ſpie; and as it behoved him to colour theſe proceedings with ſome intrigue of love, becauſe it would have been hard to have perſwaded men that any thing elſe was in play, orders were given to inſinuate, that it was the lovely *BRANDON* that payed his ſervices to the Lady *Latimer*. But people were not always ſo credulous: they made a little too bold with that

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Lady's reputation, and the mind of man commonly paſſes over things which are ſo eaſily diſcovered, that it may pry into thoſe that are ſtudiouſly kept from its knowledg. There were ſeverals therefore that obſerving the obliging manner how the Princeſs treated *BRANDON* in publick, and knowing beſides ſomewhat of the ſecret viſits, which he never rendered to her in her appartment, but in company of the KING, believed that he made them alone. The rumour of this began to ſpread by degrees, and though being vexed thereat, he made appear to the KING his Maſter the conſequences thereof, yet that voluptuous KING was too much wedded to his pleaſures to renounce them; and *BRANDON* himſelf began at length to taſte ſuch pleaſures, as he could not have found in any other

other course of life. The Lady *Latimer*, who was desperately in love with him, essaying by all ways of compliance to merit his affection, allowed him great liberty with the Princess *Mary*. She let him see the lovely Princess oftner than once asleep in the secret of Night; and fearing nothing of the KING, who was then commonly taken up with her Daughter, because all these things seemed only to be done in attending of him, she left him many times alone in her Chamber; or at most but accompanied by a Maid privy to her intrigues, called *Judith Kiffin*, which was thought worse than to have left them together upon their bare word. However the matter be, the pleasure of seeing *Mary* of *England*, as he did, made him at length speak but faintly of what the KING did in prejudice of her reputation; and

and though he always dreaded the conſequences of thoſe frolicks, yet by little and little he accuſtomed himſelf not to find fault with the occaſions.

Matters being in this ſtate, and the QUEEN by degrees recovering her health, and appearing more cheerful, the Court full of Miſtreſſes and Lovers, found their entertainment in the various emergents, that love every moment occaſioned amongſt them; when *Gray*, *Bourchier*, and *Sommerſet*, impatient of loſing more ſighs, reſolved to trouble the felicity of *BRANDON*. They had already for ſome days ſet ſpies to obſerve him, or otherways lay in wait for him themſelves, upon notice given them, that he went almoſt every night to the apartment of the Princeſs. Their own eyes had ſeen him, and they knew

knew the by-ways he uſed to take, though they had not diſcovered that he was with the KING, or in the leaſt ſuſpected it; ſo careful was that Prince to paſs unknown. They placed themſelves therefore in Ambuſh at a back-door in the Palace, by which *BRANDON*, the fifth in company, had juſt before entred; and fearing no impediment in their deſign, unleſs by the Rancounter of ſome *Germans*, who had remained at *London* after the concluſion of the League: (whom they had already agreed among themſelves to accuſe of the diſorders which themſelves intended to commit;) though *Gray* was that night indiſpoſed; yet the other two being more fiery, and unwilling to let ſlip this occaſion, they rallied together to the number of ſeven. All things appeared to them at firſt in as fair a way as they

they desired. No body molested them in the quarter where they had posted themselves, and the Moon being over-clouded, gave no more light but what was enough for them to distinguish themselves by the marks that they carried. So that the KING returning from his visit, hardly had he that kept the key opened the door, when *Bourchier* presented a Pistol to the two Yeomen of the Guard that came out first. Stand, said he, where is *BRANDON*? *Sommerset* immediately in the same manner put the question to them. But the two Guards so much the more daring, that they had the KING for a witness of their Courage, made them answer only with their Carabines; and both of them firing at the same instant that *Bourchier* and *Sommerset* fired, as there were but two reports heard, so there were but two shot that did execution.

tion. That of *Sommerſet* paſſing under the hand of the Yeoman of the Guard that ſtood oppoſite to him, was carried too high; and *Bourchiers* only grazed upon the others Caſſock. But as one of the Carabines miſſed *Sommerſet*, who by good fortune kneeled on one knee, ſo the other bruiſed the ſhoulder of *Bourchier*; and both being loaded with ſeveral Bullets, killed three of their men that ſtood behind them. The KING in the mean time, who feared nothing ſo much as to be diſcovered, conſidering the boldneſs of the attempt, and perceiving two of the contrary party who remained, betake themſelves to flight; cauſed quickly the other door of the Palace, by which he was to enter, to be opened. *BRANDON* having drawn, but finding none to fight with, came ſhortly after; and the two Yeomen of Guard that knew the Kings

Kings intention as well as he, having immediately disarmed *Sommerset* and *Bourchier*, followed him. This was the fortune of these Rivals, who found all the difficulty imaginable to get home, the one sorely wounded, and the other soundly beaten, and both in extreme despair. The KING was no sooner where he desired to be, but being furiously incensed against them, he resolved and vowed their ruin; yet *Brandon* interposing, stopt this first ebullition of choler, by representing to him, that in punishing the guilty according to their merit, he would discover the secret; and to that prevalent reason adding considerations that concerned the Princess, he at length perswaded him that they had received usage hard enough to make them capable of some favour. Insomuch that the whole matter past for an unlucky skuffle

that

that *Bourchier* and *Sommerſet* had had with ſome drunken *Germans*.

At leaſt the Earl of *Eſſex* was ordered to publiſh as much the day following, and to make it the more credible, ſtrangers were forbidden to walk abroad in the night upon pain of death. None but the Rivals of *BRANDON* whiſpered ſecretly what they knew; but by the abſolute Command which the KING had given to the Earl of *Eſſex*, that he ſhould impute the wound of his Son to thoſe who were no ways concerned in it, and by the fierce threats he made to that Earl for the ſuſpicions that he endeavoured to inſinuate againſt the Princeſs his Siſter, ſo high, as that he replied in rage, that knowing better than he what her carriage was, it was only in reſpect of his age that he pardoned ſo in-

inſolent a Calumny. In a word, by the ſecret rumour that began to ſpread, that the King himſelf was a Party, they by little and little diving into his intrigue with *Cecile Blunt*, found all their Fortunes good, ſo that a private reaſon hindered him from taking publick revenge. *Gray* went away with the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, his Father, who carried ſix thouſand *Engliſh* to *Fontarabie*, to aſſiſt the King of *Spain* in invading *Guyenne* according to an Article of the League. *Howard* and *Talbot*, though they were not (no more than he) at that fatal Rancounter, beg'd leave to ſerve in the ſame Army; and *Sommerſet* went to *Scotland* upon ſome pretext of his own. So that there remaining none but *Bourchier*, whoſe wound kept him long from the publick; *Brandon* found himſelf in a few days delivered from all his Enemies.

But in their abſence they did him more miſchief than they had done in perſon; and whether it was an effect of their malice, or of the ſequel of things, which being with difficulty concealed time brings to light at length, men began to ſpeak more openly than they had been accuſtomed to do, of the Amours of the Princeſs and *Brandon*. The King was ſo far from being offended herewith, that he ſeemed rather to applaud it: ſome who impertinently diſcourſe of the carriage of Princes, wherein there is not always ſo great ground of reaſoning as is believed, imagined that all that he did that way was a politick fetch, to break the Grandees of his Kingdom of the deſigns they might have for his Siſter; others who are not always willing to infect the Court with falſe notions, kept themſelves to what they

ſaw;

ſaw; and more wiſely believed that it was only out of a natural complaiſance that he entertained for all ſorts of gallantry.

But though all that was ſaid of the Princeſs and *Brandon*, redounded ſtill to his Honour; yet he reaped nothing from it but vexation and grief: neither could his truly generous and noble ſoul reliſh that honour which he received at the coſt of what he loved. He was far more affected with the reproaches that the Princeſs *Mary* might have talkt of him, though indeed ſhe never made any of him On the contrary he having ſometimes expreſſed himſelf to her concerning theſe things in a very ſorrowful manner, ſhe had always the goodneſs to tell him, that he ſhould follow the example, and not trouble himſelf with the diſcourſe of people. But

this obliging carriage ſerved only to encreaſe his pain: and as two hearts that are truly ſmitten are unwilling to be behind in duty to one another; ſo he concerned himſelf the more in the glory of the Princeſs, that ſhe ſeemed to ſlight it for the love of him. Inſomuch that falling very penſive and melancholick, notwithſtanding the pains that ſhe took to comfort him; and having no other thoughts but to leave the Kingdom, that he might remove the occaſions of detraction, he acquainted my Lord *Haſtings* his Uncle, to whom he told all his affairs, with his deſign. He being a fierce Old Soldier, took him at firſt up ſharply for the little Courage he made ſhew of; afterward falling in diſcourſe about the Earls of *Surrey* and *Eſſex*, he told him that the race of *Howards* and *Bourchiers* was indeed ancient, and

and raiſed to vaſt Eſtates, and eminent Dignities by the merits of many predeceſſors; but that yet they were not the only nobles, who could brag of as great antiquity, and the glory of as many heroical Actions; nor that they had any ſuch advantages as might give them ground to inſult over the *Brandons* and *Haſtings*; and that therefore it behoved him not at all for the railery of ſome jealous Rivals, to abandon the Proſpects which both the King and Princeſs did countenance. However all this made no great impreſſion on the mind of *Brandon*. He adhered to his reſolution, and had already taken his meaſures for withdrawing; when at length the good Old man *Haſtings* being unable to retain him by his reaſons, found himſelf obliged to diſcover to him what he had promiſed never to reveal.

The resolution was doubtless great, and cost the Old man dear: besides the weakness of old age, he had more reason than any other to be dismayed, which made him long complain of the violence that his Nephew put upon him, before he began that dangerous discourse. And that he might in some manner prepare him for it, having brought out a manuscript of all *Merlins* Propheſies, he made him read that which was the cause of the death of the Duke of *Clarence*, conceived in these words,

When the White Roſe ſhall the Red (ſubdue,
G. *Of that race ſhall change its (Hue,*
And the Red o're it ſhall bloom a- (new.
There ſhall remain of the White ſtock
But one bud fallen on Hemlock:
Yet too much zeal doth oft annoy,
For an inn'cent maid ſhall it deſtroy.

When

When he had read the Propheſie, the ancient Gentleman tracing matters as far back as was neceſſary, explained to him the beginning of the prediction according as the event had made it evident. In the firſt verſe he let him ſee the Victory of *Edward* of *York*, deſigned by the White Roſe, over *HENRY* the Sixt of *Lancaſter*, who carried the Red. In the ſecond he diſcovered to him the deplorable miſtake of that Victorious Prince, who having cauſed his younger Brother *George* Duke of *Clarence* to be put to death in a pipe of *Malmſey*, becauſe the firſt letter of his name was a fatal *G.* gave his other Brother *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter*, (of whom he had no ſuſpicion) by his laſt will, opportunity of murthering his two Sons; and in the third he ſhewed him the return of Prince *Henry* Earl of *Richmont*,

who in the blood of that Tyrant, made the red Roſes flouriſh again. But having thus interpreted the three firſt verſes, which had given matter of much diſcourſe in that time, *Haſtings* his countenance changed colour; and being deeply affected with the importance of the ſecret, that he was about to reveal, concluding in a fret what with reaſon he had begun; he told him, that the world had indeed ſufficiently underſtood by the event of things, the beginning of the Propheſie of *Merlin*, but that few underſtood the reſt.

That though the flatterers of the late King had perſwaded him, that by the death of the only Son of *Richard* the Tyrant, which happened by a fall, the prediction was fulfilled and explicated, becauſe that he having fallen in a place where Hemlock grew, an inconſiderate perſon, who came running after, thinking to wipe

and

and ſtop the blood of his wound with that herb, had haſtened his death; yet that he underſtood ſomewhat more than theſe flatterers knew; and that the cruel death of the poor Earl of *Warwick*, Son of the Duke of *Clarence*, had not fulfilled the Propheſie either: but that that unfortunate Prince having eſcaped from the ſuperſtitious ſcrupuloſity of one of his Uncles, and being confined to a Caſtle by the other, was ſecretly married to a Daughter of *Charles Hemlock*, Brother-in-law to himſelf, who commanded in that place; by whom he had a Son, and that, not to hold him long in ſuſpenſe, he was that Son.

At theſe words, *Brandon* cried out, as if he had been ſtruck with Thunder, and the Lord *Haſtings* his Uncle in vain endeavoured to perſwade him, that though he had

had reaſon to be ſurpriſed at the relation, yet he ought to believe it; for he ſtill maintained that it was but a tale deviſed to excite in him greater Courage. At length *Haſtings*, by reaſon of the ſenſible danger to which he expoſed himſelf by diſcovering that ſecret, began to gain ground upon him. He made appear to him, that he muſt either have been a fool, or weary of life, to have invented ſuch a fable; and more fully to convince him, he recounted to him the whole ſtory of the marriage of the Earl of *Warwick* his Father; and that *Anne Hemlock* his real Mother, dying in Child-bed of him, the Lady *Brandon* ſubſtituted him in place of one of her Children which juſt then died, having been born but a few days before him: He put him in mind of what he had been told heretofore of the repugnance that the Lady made, whom he be-

believed to be his Mother, when ſhe was invited to be Nurſe to the King. And then perceiving him to be a little moved, he had no great difficulty to convince him, that he was the ſecret cauſe of that unwillingneſs, which was ſo variouſly diſcourſed of amongſt people; and adding to this ſeveral other paſſages of his education, which being all of the ſame ſtrain and character, gave evidence enough, that there had always been ſome myſtery in his fortune, he paſt them but ſlightly over, that at the ſame time he might inſinuate, that if he loved his life, it behoved him not to remember them. He only hinted to him, that the ſecret of his birth ſhould encourage him to reſiſt his Rivals, who believed themſelves better deſcended than he; and that if he could keep the ſecret as well as the Prince his Father had done, who had ſeen him a hun-

a hundred times out of his priſon-Windows, and who went to death, accompanied with *Frier Patrick*, without ſpeaking a word of it, heaven poſſibly had deſigned him for great matters. That, after all, he was the only remaining bud of the White Roſe, whereof *Merlin* ſpake in his Propheſie; and that his Mothers name ſo plainly expreſſed by the word *Hemlock*, made it paſt all doubt: ſeeing that in effect the Blood of *York* was fallen into that of *Hemlock* by his Birth. But that theſe following words of the Aſtrologer,

Yet too much zeal doth oft annoy,
For an inn'cent maid ſhall it deſtroy.

put him in great perplexity. That though the puniſhment of *Simonel*, and death of *Peter Warbeck*, who gave themſelves out for Princes of the Houſe of *York*, were in-

inſtances terrible enough to hinder him from bragging of his extraction: yet as it was his opinion that he ſhould continue his love to the Princeſs, ſo that paſſion made him very apprehenſive. That he imagined already that he would diſcover to her, all that had been told him; and that though ſhe might ſtill love him, yet it might too really happen, that ſhe ſhould become the innocent maid that might deſtroy him, if he concealed not from her, as well as from every body elſe, that important ſecret.

Haſtings thus ending his diſcourſe, fell on his knees to *Brandon*, that he might once in his life render him the reſpect which the intereſt of his ſafety ſuffered him not to pay in any other place, and that he might beſeech him never to entertain thoughts that any ſuch honours were due

to

to him. But what difficulty ſoever this new Prince of *York* had at firſt to believe it, yet he found at length all things that had been told him ſo well circumſtantiated, and ſo conform to the inclinations of his heart, that he had no more power to doubt of the truth of what was told him. He promiſed to be cautious, and to conceal his birth; and the Lord *Haſtings*, who was ſtill his great Uncle by the Mother-ſide, died ſhortly after, either of old age; or for fear leſt the ſecret which he had revealed ſhould be diſcovered.

In the mean time *Brandon*, whom we muſt for ſome time ſtill name ſo, found his Courage by little and little raiſed by the knowledg of what he was. He thereby grew more brisk and agreeable with the Princeſs; more courteous and majeſtick with others; and

and by the prudent management of the eſtate left him by *Haſtings*, became ſo conſiderable, that the King himſelf took pleaſure to ſee him imploy new meaſures, one day to deſerve all that he wiſhed him the enjoyment of. On the other hand his Rivals, being returned from the *Pyrenean* hills, where the deſigns of the King of *Spain*, who had fallen upon *Navar*, hindered them from atchieving any great exploits, found him again of an humour leſs diſpoſed to yield to them than formerly. *Sommerſet* after his return from *Scotland*, could not regain that height upon him, which he always pretended to before; and *Bourchier* cured of his wound, durſt never on that account expreſs to him the leaſt diſcontent. They all appeared to have ſubmitted themſelves to their fortunes; and whilſt *Howard* and *Talbot*, the one made Admiral, and

and the other Master of the Horse, stifled their love by the satisfaction of their ambition; *Gray* and the rest found it impossible for them to delight their eyes, but by living in good correspondence with *Brandon*. Their care therefore was only to out-do him in greatness of services, and obsequiousness towards the Princess: he was the man that was most assiduous that way, who gave demonstration of greatest complaisance; and there happened some days, when it seemed that that Conduct might prove successful, they obtained thereby at least more access to her: and although through the favours which she was pleased sometimes to show them, they perceived too well, that they had no share in her affection; yet at what rate soever they resolved to persist in rendering her their Services. So true it is, that with small pains and little care, a lovely

ly perſon is able to produce great effects in the minds of thoſe who are captivated with its beauty. Inſomuch that all theſe Rivals began to live together with leſs contention; and contributing ſeverally to the publick pomp, whilſt the preparations for a War with *France* were vigorouſly carried on, there was nothing to be ſeen at *London* but Plays, Horſe-races, Balls and Dancing, where the Ladys in rich dreſſes ſetting off the beauty, which might procure them praiſe and eſteem, obliged likewiſe their Lovers to imploy their greateſt advantages. On theſe occaſions, the lovely *Brandon* gained ſignal honour; and whether it was for his good meen, or his dexterity in all the exerciſes of body, there was no Gentleman in the Kingdom that ſeemed not his inferiour. So that amongſt ſo many competitors, who contended with him for the favour

of the Princeſs, there was not any ſo fortunate as to gain the leaſt of it to his prejudice; and though *Edward Strafford*, the young Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Earl of *Kildare*, Son to the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, both of them lovely and handſom Gentlemen, had newly declared themſelves his Rivals, yet it was without either jealouſie or diſquiet to him: *Mary* of *Lancaſter* adored by all, had no paſſion for any but him.

But amidſt the pleaſures, by which the Court of *England*, the moſt gallant and pompous of that age, prepared ſo ſumptuouſly for the War of *France*; the death of *Cecile Blunt*, Daughter to the Lord *Latimer*, occaſioned there great alteration. Her Mother ſeeming comfortleſs, as women of her humour affect always to appear, retired into the Countrey. The Dutcheſs of *Bedford* falling deaf, and

and oppreſſed with many other infirmities of old age, took likewiſe the occaſion to withdraw. The Counteſs of *Pembrock* was put in her place, until the Arrival of Princeſs *Margaret* of *York*, Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, Daughter of the unfortunate Duke of *Clarence*, and her ſelf as unfortunate in the ſequel, as her Brother the Earl of *Warwick*. The King ſometime before, for reaſons of ſtate, had deſigned her for that charge; and the Lady *Dacres* was ordered to ſupply the place of the Lady *Latimer*, until ſhe were recovered from her grief; ſo that there remained of the ancient ſervants of the Princeſs, hardly any but *Judith Kiffen*, who being the moſt dexterous perſon in the world for that ſervice, and lying commonly at the foot of her bed, ſhe was become too uſeful to her, to let her be removed: and that revolution in the Family of the Princeſs

Mary was a forerunner of the diſorder which ſhortly appeared in the mind of the King. What care ſoever he had had to conceal his love for his late Miſtris, he had not the power to diſſemble his affliction for her death. He began to condemn the intrigues of his Court, with which he had always uſed to make himſelf merry. He went ſo far as to defeat the meaſures of ſeveral Lovers, by giving them new employments under pretext of the War of *France*; and though *Brandon* met not with ſo great croſſes, yet he was one of the firſt that perceived the King to be out of humour: when being no more the Confident of his affliction, as he had been of his pleaſures, he ſaw a new favourite admitted into his place, one *Thomas Woolſey*, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, to whom *Richard Fox*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, had left vaſt riches at his death.

This

This man of low Birth, but ſublime Parts, as ſometimes bad men are, knew very well, that *HENRY* the Eight, notwithſtanding the great Qualities which rendered him formidable to his neighbours, was a reſtleſs Prince; and that being unable after the hurry of buſineſs to remain idle and unactive, he ſtood in need of ſome amuſing toy, that might refreſh his mind by ſeizing his heart. In a word, he underſtood that repoſe being uneaſie to him without pleaſures and wantonneſs, he muſt needs be provided of women; and that poſſibly was the reaſon that it was ſaid, that to comfort him for the death of the Miſtris, whom he had juſt before loſt, he made no ſcruple to adviſe him to beſtow his affection with all expedition on ſome other. It was beſides alledged, that he himſelf being ſmitten with the lovely eyes of the Princeſs *Mary*, and not

ſo fooliſh as to expect any enjoyment of her, had wrought him to fix his eyes upon her. But I think that that is to be looked upon as a Calumny of thoſe who reproached him with all kinds of crimes, becauſe he had purſued them with all ſorts of evils. Ambitious men, ſuch as *Woolſey*, are either not very ſenſible of love, or would not be ſo tame as to give to another what they love themſelves. However it be, whether it was an effect of the counſel of that bad Miniſter; or that the Beauty of *Mary*, which daily encreaſed, had awakened ſome deſire in the mind of *HENRY* the Eight; it is certain, that that Prince after the death of *Cecile Blunt*, did ſpeak of love to the Princeſs his Siſter. She underſtood him not at firſt, or to ſay better, ſhe would not underſtand him: but the account that ſhe gave of it to *Brandon*, had almoſt killed him with grief.

And

And although he never dreamt of any ſuch thing, yet the indifferency wherewith the King for ſome time had uſed him, gave ſufficient evidence of the change of his fortune; and as till then he had doubted what might be the cauſe of that diſgrace, imputing it ſometime to ſome fault of his own, and ſometime to the natural inconſtancy of the King, ſo he believed that he had then found it out. So that to remove himſelf from trouble, and following no other counſel, but that of his jealouſie or fear; he beg'd leave of the King to go to *Calais* with the firſt Troops that were then drawing out for the War of *France*. Though the King had not altogether the Sentiments which *Brandon* ſuſpected, yet he well underſtood his thoughts; and without any farther diſcovery, he thought it enough to anſwer, that it behoved him to moderate that im-

patience, seeing he intended to have him by him the first time that he drew his sword. But, notwithstanding of this obliging answer, *Brandon*'s disturbance had no end; insomuch that some days after, finding occasion to speak again to the King, he renewed to him the same suit: adding, that if he could a little train himself in the matters of War before he undertook it, he would deserve better to follow His Majesty. Upon this the King, by a return of affection, for a man whom he had so much loved, being willing wholly to undeceive him; told him smiling, That he well perceived what he had in his thoughts, but that sure he was not more dangerous than another; and that he should not take the allarm so hot for a little gallantry, which he used with his Sister, only to divert him from thinking on poor *Cecile*. Nothing certainly, in that jun-

juncture of affairs, could have been better ſaid, and it anſwered all objections. Nevertheleſs, diffidence, which is natural to all true Lovers, made *Brandon* think theſe words the more to be ſuſpected, the leſs that they appeared ſo. He imagined that his dangerous Rival, under an affected repugnancy, cloaked a real deſire to ſee him at a diſtance; which he diſcourſed of with the Princeſs in ſo prepoſſeſſed a manner, that ſhe was conſtrained in reaſon to approve of what his weakneſs propoſed. But before he asked the third time permiſſion from the King to depart, and took his leave of her, he reſolved in an exceſſive fit of love to acquaint her with what he had learned concerning his Birth.

The Princeſs *Mary* was no leſs ſurpriſed at the relation, which from his Uncle he had made to her

her of that matter, than he himſelf was at firſt: and though the whole ſtory of the marriage of the Earl of *Warwick*, with *Ann Hemlock*, founded on the prediction of *Merlin*; or the report of Old *Haſtings* lately dead, might appear ſuſpicious in the mouth of a Lover; yet ſhe entertained not the leaſt thought of that nature. On the contrary, notwithſtanding the favourable opinion that ſhe had of the truth of all, her ſurpriſe appeared viſibly in her eyes, as he was ſpeaking; and ſo ſoon as he had made an end, being deſirous to have all things better cleared, ſhe told him with a tenderneſs, which the novelty of the matter, and the emotion of her mind, rendered very extraordinary; that ſhe loved him no better for being a Prince of *York*, but that ſhe loved her ſelf ſomewhat more on that account; and that being well-pleaſed, that ſhe had

had cauſe to reverence in him what till then ſhe had but eſteemed, ſhe rejoyced that ſhe had no reaſon to fear thoſe ſtirrings of pride in her heart; which might be ſometimes troubleſom to a perſon of her Quality, in regard of the condition ſhe took him to be of. That all that notwithſtanding was but a dangerous Idea, with which they ought never to entertain themſelves. That he was dear enough to her, as the Son of *Brandon*; and that he would but create her diſquiet, as a Prince of the Blood of *York*. That ſo he would not do well to be jealous of the greatneſs of his Birth; that he ought to renounce that for her ſake, and that bounding all his ambition with the favour of being beloved ſo tenderly as ſhe loved him, he ſhould never attempt to make himſelf known for the man he was. *Brandon* being at the ſame time amazed, and charmed

charmed to hear her ſpeak in ſo obliging terms, could make her no other anſwer, but that ſhe was too gracious; and that when he reſolved to diſcloſe to her his ſecret, it was not ſo much to engage her to more goodneſs towards him, as to put her in a condition of puniſhing him, if it ever happened that he ſhould prove unworthy of her favours. But the fair Princeſs ſtopping him there, replied ſoftly, That he had no reaſon to ſuſpect that ſhe ſhould one day puniſh him, unleſs he thought that he might one day offend her. That nevertheleſs he needed not be afraid, though he ſhould even become her Enemy; and that ſhe was not the innocent maid, of whom *Merlin* ſpake afterward, without giving him time to anſwer; and conſidering with more reaſon than ſhe had at firſt thought on, the deſign he had projected of removing from Court

for

for a time, ſhe repreſented to him, That he ought to have ſpecial care not to betray himſelf, by looking on the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury* and her Daughter, who were expected within a few days at Court, as his Aunt and Couſin. She added, that his true Birth rendered a little ſuſpected to her, the choice that the King had made of that Princeſs for her Conduct, having ſo many times teſtified that he loved her not. She told him that he ought on that occaſion diſtruſt him: and that though the kindneſſes, wherewith he had thought fit to entertain her in ſome Rancounters, were certainly nothing elſe but ſome exerciſes and frolicks of wit, ſeeing he did not perſiſt in them; yet it was poſſible there might be in it ſome hidden myſtery, which time might diſcover. In fine, continued ſhe, my Knight, and Brother (theſe were the names that ſhe gave him in her Child-hood, and

and commonly ſtill when they were by themſelves) let us diſtruſt all the world, diſtruſt me if you pleaſe; and above all things have a care to continue ſtill to be *Brandon*, leaving to me the care of the Prince of *York*; and you ſhall find that whether you be neceſſitated to depart, or have the liberty to abide at Court, it ſhall be more pleaſant for you to be reputed what you are in my heart, than to appear ſo in the eyes of the world.

Thus ended their converſation; which as it was the moſt important interview that they could enjoy, ſo was it alſo the longeſt that ever they had had. But the Earl of *Kildare*, who had three times preſented himſelf in the Anti-Chamber of the Princeſs, and had been by her Maids ſtill diſmiſſed on frivolous reaſons, ſeeing *Brandon* come forth, conceived

ſo

ſo great indignation thereat, that he followed him with a purpoſe to quarrel, and left him not till he ſaw him enter into the Kings Apartment. This Earl being Son to the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and buoyed up beſides by the protection of *Woolſey*, and ſome concerns that he had with the Lady *Dacres*, thought that he might have better ſucceſs than the reſt in the ſervice of the Princeſs *Mary*. He had not as yet ſeen any impediment to his deſign, but *Brandon*; and promiſing himſelf already great advantages from the apparent diſgrace whereof ſome began to pity his danger, he ſtood not upon examination of what he deſigned againſt him. He received moreover a new ground of jealouſie, upon the Arrival of *Margaret* of *York*, Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, which put him out of all patience; for being with him at *Richmont*, at the reception which

which the Princeſs, conducted by the Queen, was there to give to that illuſtrious Widow, the firſt ceremonies being paſt, he unluckily obſerved a little, but very obliging ſign that ſhe had made to his Enemy, to draw near her chair. He afterwards perceived by her eyes and actions, that ſhe ſpake to him with much goodneſs; and in effect, the Princeſs *Mary* being taken with ſome features, that the Ladies of *Salisbury* had in common with *Brandon*; ſhe could not forbear telling him at the very inſtant, the trouble that that ſight occaſioned her, ſo that it was ſufficiently obſerved that ſhe ſpake to him with ſomewhat of tenderneſs: and *Brandon* on the other hand, whether for joy to find her ſo well perſwaded of the truth of what he had told her concerning his Birth; or to divert her from the officious fears that ſhe had for his ſake, anſwering in a compoſed and

and contented manner, made it almoſt paſt all doubt. Inſomuch that the Earl of *Kildare* mad of jealouſie, and being no longer maſter of himſelf, went forth with a reſolution to take his ſatisfaction in what place ſoever he could meet him. But the King being come likewiſe to that viſit before his going to *Greenwich*, to ſee a great match of hunting; *Brandon* who was to wait upon him, gave not his Enemy the occaſion ſo ſoon as he expected it.

And now his thoughts being wholly taken up about his departure, and that which the Princeſs her ſelf had immediately before told him of the reſemblance that he had to the Ladies of *Salisbury*, his deſire was only bent to withdraw himſelf; and he thought to find an opportunity favourable enough of ſpeaking to the King, as he waited upon him down to

the Park, where he was to take horſe; but he was deceived in that, and it happened to be a fatal nick of time: for the King, (who was out of humour, becauſe the *Spaniards* on the *Pyrenean* ſide did not perform on their part what they had promiſed for a rupture with *France*); anſwered him pretty briskly, that he thought he had been cured of that impatience: and as he was about to inſiſt, Ha! ſaid he, you importune me, let me alone I pray thee: you will but trouble my ſport at *Greenwich*; and ſo turning his back upon him, he went away with thoſe that uſed to wait on him on ſuch occaſions. So that the melancholick *Brandon*, thinking that himſelf only was ordered to ſtay behind, ſought out ſome corner in the Park, wherein to evaporate the thoughts which at that time tormented him; and had ſometime walked about in that deſign with a wounded heart, for the

the ſlight that the King had given him: when the Earl of *Keldare*, having had confuſed notice of what paſſed, came towards him. Though he ſaw him at a pretty diſtance, yet he did not prepare to engage him, but ſtopped to conſider the fierce and threatning looks wherewith he advanced towards him. Whereupon the *Iriſh* man drawing, *Brandon* who was obliged to do the ſame, encountered him. And by a wound firſt in the ſhoulder, made him ſee his own blood: with a ſecond paſs he run him through the right arm; and the third going quite through his body, made him fall againſt the pales. Never was there any quarrel ſooner made, and more quickly decided. The noiſe of this Duel having called together thoſe who in the delightful ſpring came to enjoy in that Park the firſt verdure of the fields, and the ſervants of the wounded Earl being come in,

Brandon was inſtantly apprehended: and the matter being afterward reported to *Woolſey*, by the authority which that new Miniſter had already acquired, he was made priſoner in a Tower of *Richmont*-houſe, until that the Lord Mayor of *London*, following the King on his way to *Greenwich*, ſhould receive his Orders concerning that affair.

The Princeſs *Mary* had no information of all this, but from the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, who in that confuſion, and in reſpect of the Priſoner, who was to be carefully guarded, was adviſed not to delay till next day the taking poſſeſſion of her apartment with the Princeſs, in whom it is not eaſie to be repreſented what Impreſſion this news made. The reflexions that ſhe had made on the pretended reſemblance betwixt *Brandon* and the two Ladies of *Salisbury* of the houſe

houſe of *York*: and the ſecret apprehenſions that ſhe thereupon conceived, which made her leave the Queen in her Walk, pretending her ſelf indiſpoſed, held her ſtill in great perplexity. She went to bed, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſee any body; and there her mind being prepoſſeſſed with what ſhe knew, and imagining that it would ſuddenly come to the knowledg of others, her thoughts preſented to her nothing but diſmal objects. Inſomuch that the diſaſter of *Brandon* ſurpriſing her in this condition, all that ſhe had before but confuſedly thought on, ſeemed to her manifeſt and clear. With a great cry ſhe let fall her head on the pillow; and to compleat her ſorrow, ſhe received a note from the King, who had given orders to the Mayor of *London*, to remove the Priſoner to the Tower, acquainting her directly, "That he "not doubting but that the puniſh-"ment which *Brandon* deſerved for

"killing the Earl of *Kildare*, would "put her in ſome diſorder; he "prayed her to ſuſpend the good "opinion which ſhe might have for "that ungrateful perſon, until that "he ſhould inform her of ſome "ſtrange things which he had "learned.

Such general and ambiguous terms, ſuſceptible of any meaning, that an affrightned mind could give them, put the Princeſs *Mary* to the extremity of deſpair; and that firſt night, when *Brandon* went to the Tower of *London*, was a ſad and terrible night to her. *Judith Kiffen*, who thought it fit to watch with her alone that night; (and who being ignorant of the myſterious ſecret that cauſed her grief, imputed to the love alone to which ſhe was privy, all the incoherent expreſſions that ſeemed to eſcape from her without judgment,) had more to do with her than ſhe dreamt of. The vexation of her mind was followed by an

an oppreſſion of body. She fell into a Fever, but ſo dangerous, as put every one in fear of her life; and the Queen and Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, who could not be always denied acceſs into her Chamber, being next day the moſt ſolicitous about her, to procure her eaſe; her fortune was certainly good, that at that time the violence of her diſtemper having deprived her of the uſe of ſpeech, put her out of condition of betraying her ſelf.

The King in the mean-while, whoſe thoughts were far different from hers, and being ignorant of the ſecret cauſes of her fear; propoſing to himſelf in this conjuncture, only his revenge, both for the indifferency wherewith ſhe entertained his Gallantry, and the idle fear that her Lover thereupon conceived, followed his game at *Greenwich*: and continued it even longer than at firſt he intended,

that ſuch as came from *London* to beg of him, that he would change the orders given to the Lord Mayor againſt the Priſoner, might not find him; and that ſo he might have ground to ſay, that he was ignorant of what had paſſed. Inſomuch that ſeveral meſſengers, ſent either by the Queen or the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, to give him advice of the ſickneſs of the Princeſs *Mary*, ſought him in the Fields and Woods in vain. They were everywhere directed to find him in places where he was not: but *Gray*, Son to the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, who of his own head had taken horſe, was more fortunate in his ſearch. The love that he had for the Princeſs *Mary*, made him ſufficiently underſtand what the beſt-informed could know of her diſtemper, though it was given out that it had ſeized her before the buſineſs of *Brandon* happened: and how

how jealous ſover he was of the pretious teſtimony of affection, which at that time ſhe gave to his happy Rival; yet his jealouſie ſerved only to prompt him with greater earneſtneſs to attempt her relief. Inſomuch that he ſurmounted all the difficulties that had hindered the reſt from finding the King, and having paſſionately given him an account of the dangerous condition that the Princeſs was in, he moved him inſtantly to return to *Greenwich*, from whence next morning by the break of day he departed for *London*. The inſolence of *Woolſey* was at firſt ſufficiently repreſſed, by the diſlike which the King teſtified of his procedure. Having waved the diſcourſes that they would have made to him concerning the wounds of the Earl of *Kildare*, and having nothing in his mind but the ſickneſs of his Siſter; and knowing better than

Gray,

Gray, that her cure conſiſted in the ſafety of *Brandon*, he asked preſently how he was uſed, and gave order to the Lord *Terell*, to ſend him ſuch of his ſervants, as he might ſtand in need of. So that fame, which commonly is ſwifter than the Marches of Kings, having carried this good news into the apartment of the Princeſs, was without doubt the moſt acceptable harbinger that ſhe could have of his Arrival. But fear having wrought great diſorders in her mind; and after a new paroxyſm of her Fever, which did but begin to abate, her mind being weakened as well as her body, ſhe could not ſhow her ſelf to him, as ſhe deſired to appear. The trembling tone of her voice, proceeding rather from the tenderneſs of her heart, than the force of her diſtemper, gave but too ſenſible a proof of the hard tryal ſhe had been put to; and there

was

was nothing more eaſie than for him to perceive that the life of *Brandon* was her ſole care, though ſhe had not asked him if it was true that he intended to cauſe him to be put to death?

So that this Prince, who on ſuch occaſions was very ſenſible, anſwering only with kiſſes and tears; and her Careſſes expreſſing her deſire far more intelligibly than words, gave him hardly liberty to ſpeak, that he might oppoſe himſelf to the impatience that ſhe was in. He left her that he might with his counſel contrive a way to relieve *Brandon* from the Tower with pretext of juſtice. But for all the formality which he affected to obſerve in his affairs, he had no great occaſion to be ſo ſcrupulous in this matter. The greateſt part of the Court, who perceived his deſign, ſpake openly for *Brandon* againſt the Earl of *Kildare*.

And

And after a formal ſhew of examining the tumultuary depoſitions, that they might give ſome favourable colour to their proceedings, the Lords *Poyning* and *Terell* were immediately ſent to the Priſoner. He came with them without a guard; and as he caſt himſelf on his knees before the King, there appearing in his cloaths ſome mark of the inſolent uſage that he had met with: you ſee, ſaid the King to him, how dangerous it is for you to remove from me, and that I had reaſon not to conſent to your departure: ſeeing that in a moment that you have left me, there is a world of enemies broken looſe againſt you. Whereupon *Brandon* offering to ſpeak of the aggreſſion of the Earl of *Kildare*, the King ſtopped him at the firſt word, and commanded him to riſe, promiſing to do juſtice in time and place to him that deſerved it. Then drawing him a little

little aſide, he told him, that the Princeſs's health muſt be his chief endeavour; and that for his better ſucceeding in that office, he thought it not fit he ſhould ſee her in the diſorder that he was in. No body heard this diſcourſe, nor ſomewhat elſe that paſſed betwixt them. It was only ſeen that the King forced himſelf to appear grave in his diſcourſe; and whilſt he himſelf went to change his cloaths, as well as *Brandon*, (whom he had again ordered to do ſo); all *Brandons* friends, whom his ill fortune had not as yet much diſperſed, rallied together, and brought him from his Lodgings, where ſome met him, and others accompanied him, as in triumph to the Palace.

He payed his ſecond viſit to the Queen, who had interceded for him; and whilſt he was with her Majeſty, the King that he might counte-

countenance his viſit to his Siſter, came back to her apartment. But he ſuffered none of his train to come farther in, than the firſt Gallery: under pretext that much company was incommodious to ſick perſons; and ſo ſoon as he had notice that *Brandon* was coming, leaving none with her but *Judith Kiſſen*, he himſelf withdrew to the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*'s apartment, that in ſo delicate and much-deſired an interview, ſhe might not be under any conſtraint.

It would be a great undertaking to endeavour to give a preciſe and full account of all that was done and ſaid at that time betwixt *Brandon* and the *Engliſh* Princeſs; beſides, at firſt their hearts and eyes made all the diſcourſe, the Princeſs wanting ſtrength to ſpeak otherways; and *Brandon* having ſo much to ſay, that he knew not well how to expreſs any thing.

At

At length the Princeſs ſpake firſt who ſeeing him more afflicted at her diſtemper than could be imagined, ſtrained her ſelf to tell him, that it was nothing, and that ſeeing he was free from the danger wherein ſhe believed him to be, ſhe ſhould ſhortly be cured of the ſickneſs wherein he ſaw her. She declared to him moreover, as well as ſhe could, that the hurt or death of the Earl of *Kildare*, was not that which had diſmayed her: but that ſhe feared he had been diſcovered. He anſwered but very little to that, though no body could hear what they ſaid. Nor could the Kings note which ſhe gave him to read for the confirmation of her belief and fear, engage him to enter on that diſcourſe. He knew that the ſafeſt way was never to ſpeak more of it; and having heard nothing to that purpoſe in his Priſon, and the manner how the King received him, having no

no relation at all to that, he was well enough acquainted with his character, and ſtile, to gueſs at the truth of the matter. So that he thought it ſufficient by his looks, to free her from the apprehenſion that ſhe had conceived; and diſcourſing to her only concerning her health, with mutual expreſſions of tender affection, they began to renew the teſtimonies of their real loves; when the King fearing that too long a converſation might be hurtful to a ſick perſon, returned, and ſeparated them with as much kindneſs as he had brought them together.

Brandon followed him, that he might render him thanks for his favours, and inform himſelf what was to be the iſſue of the Rancounter he had had with the Earl of *Kildare*, whoſe wounds were not mortal. But their diſcourſe on that ſubject was not long.

The

The King who naturally concerned himſelf in the amours of every one, wiſhing him only joy for the good opinion, that a fair Princeſs was pleaſed to have of him, took thereby occaſion to rally with him, becauſe he had taken him for his Rival, upon ſome words of Gallantry which eſcaped from him, (as he ſaid) whil'ſt he intended only to bewail the death of *Cecile*. Then he upbraided him with the ſmall truſt he gave to his word and friendſhip, that carried him ſo far as to reſolve to leave him; and confeſſing at length frankly, that he had not cauſed him to be ſent to the Tower, but to revenge himſelf of that private affront, and at the ſame time to diſcover what love could do in the heart of a young Princeſs; it might ſeem that he had no more to ſay for his ſatisfaction. But yet he ſtopped not there; for finding in him-

ſelf ſome ſecret joy, which added ſomewhat to his natural debonairity; and that it concerned the health of his Siſter, that *Brandon* ſhould re-aſſume his former jollities, that with more ſucceſs he might employ himſelf in her Service; he thought it not fit to diſmiſs him, before he had diſſipated the ſmalleſt miſts, which great affairs, how well ſoever concluded, leave commonly behind them. No forrain nor remote matters diſturbed him at that time, and he had juſt then received good news from the Emperour, who to begin the War againſt *France*, promiſed to act on the Frontiers of *Picardy*, which the wary King of *Spain* deferred to do on the ſide of *Guyenne*. So that finding his mind in great liberty, he gave *Brandon* a review of the life they had led together; and laying before him almoſt all the Teſtimonies of Friendſhip that he had ſhewed

ſhewed him, he forgot not amongſt the reſt to take ſpecial notice of the merit of that obliging manner, whereby he had countenanced his love. With that deſiring a ſuitable return of Juſtice, he cryed, that it was his part to render it him: adding, that he knew not how he could (after ſo powerful obligations) ſuſpect, that he would take the Earl of *Kildare's* part againſt him, and far leſs, how he could believe him to be in love with his own Siſter; and the Rival of a friend, of whoſe paſſion he himſelf had laid the foundation; and at length concluded, that he well perceived that love was always accompanied with infirmities; and that lovers could not guard againſt them, when their friends had the art to foreſee them. At theſe laſt words, which he could not pronounce without a ſmile, *Brandon* was ſo fully convinced of his ſincerity, that he loſt all

the remains of diſtruſt and trouble, which he could poſſibly retain. And to confirm him in the juſt perſwaſion that he was of, the King gave him his hand as an evidence of a perfect good correſpondence: then thinking it needleſs to intreat him to take care of the Princeſs recovery, knowing it to be his greateſt concern, he thought it enough to tell him in the moſt taking way imaginable, that they ought both to contribute their utmoſt endeavours for that effect; and that he himſelf being guilty of much imprudence in that conjuncture, would grant her for her comfort, without exception, whatever ſhe pleaſed to deſire. But *Brandon*, who underſtood but too well the meaning of that diſcourſe, was ſo much the more affected with it, that by an exceſs of love and virtue, he began of himſelf ſo to be diſpoſed, as not to be flattered with any thing. The hopes

hopes that had dazled him in his younger days, dazled him now no more in the age that he had attained to. Time and reaſon made him daily diſcover new impediments. His true birth ſeemed likewiſe to object ſecret hinderances, which appeared invincible; and whatſoever affection the Princeſs was preingaged in, in his favour, and what goodneſs ſoever the King might evidence to him, yet he ſaw no appearance to promiſe himſelf that he would one day give her to him in marriage: nor did he find it even reaſonable, that he himſelf ſhould deſire it. He very well knew that the Daughters and Siſters of Kings are always married for reaſons of State; and that it was to much purpoſe indeed for him to ballance the ancient cuſtom of *England*, and the deſign that the King had to eſtabliſh it with that univerſal maxim. Neither that ancient cuſtom, nor

the re-eſtabliſhment that the King gave out he intended to make of it, appeared to him any thing, but a vain phantaſm raiſed againſt the treaty of *Calais*: or at moſt but a ſpecious reaſon to temporiſe for ſome years in expectation of ſome better alliance againſt the houſe of *Auſtria*. To that it may be added, that though it had been true that the lovely Princeſs had not been intended in marriage to any Forraign Prince, there were yet many other great Lords in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, who might be choſen for that purpoſe; and all thoſe who pretended to her, as he did, be excluded. So that finding himſelf at that time filled with theſe great and hard thoughts, which ſometimes had made him reſolve to forſake the Kingdom, and ſometimes to withdraw out of it for a time, he thought he could never find a more favourable occaſion to open him-

himſelf to the King. And therefore he broke his mind to him, as he had been deſirous to do; and reflecting on the zeal for the Princeſs, which that Prince endeavoured to inſpire in him, he told him, That as to that, he had more need of a curb than a ſpur, and that the ſentiments of his heart were but too publickly known: That he ſaw on all hands but too many, who were envious of a bleſſing, which he owed only to his Approbation, and not to the goodneſs of her, who was reproached therewith. That after ſo much rumour, it was very fit to raiſe no more; That rather than his reſpects ſhould coſt the greateſt Princeſs of the world ſo dear, he would renounce the honour of her Preſence; and that ſeeing he was unable to do her any ſervice, he ought at leaſt to be careful of her Glory. And that to ſucceed in that deſign,

there was no other expedient but flight; That though he made no difference betwixt dying, and leaving of *London*, yet he was fully resolved to do it, if his Majesty would give him leave. That in begging it of him, he could assure his Majesty, that he had never flattered himself with any foolish hope in reference to the Princess; That what goodness soever she might have for him, yet he never framed any disadvantageous notions of her; and that if he durst ever make a wish when he saw her, it was only that he might be able to serve her so long as he lived. But that he was so far from that, that it behoved him for the future to renounce the honour of seeing her; and that the innocence of his intentions sufficed not to preserve him in the enjoyment of so precious a blessing. That to conclude, he beg'd his pardon for the disorders which he might

might have occaſioned in his Court; that he acknowledged himſelf altogether unworthy of the favours that he had conferred upon him: but that nevertheleſs, he did not think he deſerved the character of ungrateful; and that if he found him in the leaſt guilty of that, he prayed him to take from him that odious name, by taking away his life.

This was the ſubſtance of what the paſſionate *Brandon* expreſſed in no leſs paſſionate terms; and the King the more touched with his virtue, that he was ſenſible enough that he had not uſed him kindly ſince the death of *Cecile*, had no way to defend himſelf. His heart was wholly again inflamed for a man of ſo ſublime a ſoul, and in a nice emulation, which Kings ſeldom condeſcend to with their ſubjects, he anſwered *Brandon*, that he perceived he was well inform-

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ed of what he had written to his Sister, and that he made great matters of it, though it deserved no such construction; for the truth was, that he being willing to try the effects of love in a case of adversity, had made use of the first word that appeared proper for his design. That there was no more in that note; and that, in fine, as to himself, it was but a trifle as well as the rest: but not so on his part, seeing his memory was so good, and he so touchy, that he could not pardon some small inequalities, which appeared in his humour since the death of *Cecile*. That he had had some doubts that *Woolsey* might give him some Umbrage, but that he never thought the impression could have been so deep; and that the same appearances that had deceived him before, deceived him still. That notwithstanding he could not but excuse two errors, into which he let

let himſelf only be léd by an exceſs of affection. That to undeceive him, he would endeavour to proceed to an equal exceſs; and that there was nothing in his Kingdom ſo great, to which his heart and eyes might not aſpire. And that therefore he would not have him be troubled at the fopperies and idle talk of people; That he ſhould ſuffer his jealous Rivals to ſpeak what their own jealouſie would ſufficiently hinder from being believed; That it ought to ſuffice him, that he knew the virtue of his Siſter; That he was willing he ſhould love her, and that he pretended that whatſoever was done with his approbation, was above obloquy and cenſure. In a word, dear *Brandon*, ſaid he, I will not that your virtue be the reaſon why you leave me. My honour is concerned that I retain you; and after all this, what would be ſaid of the King of *England*,

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if it were known that a wiſe and diſcreet man could not live with him? I ſhall not then comply with your deſire, your virtue has revenged you on my imprudence, and my favours ſhall revenge me on your diffidence: and though now you ſee ſome in my Court that create you trouble, it is poſſible that ſhortly ſeeing none above you but my ſelf, you ſhall ſee nothing there but what may give you content. At theſe words *Brandon* caſting himſelf at his feet, would have anſwered, that he could never deſerve the favours which he mentioned: but the King embracing him, no more of this, ſaid he, we ſhall never make an end. Delay your thanks for what I ſay, until you have ſeen what I can do; return to me with as ſincere an heart, as I deſire you to do it, and let nothing take up the cares of us both, but my Siſters health: I wiſh the time were come

that

that I might give you her.

In this manner the illuſtrious *Brandon* eſcaped the ſhipwrack, wherein moſt people thought him over-whelmed. He grew greater after his diſgrace, than he had been before; and the King to keep his word to him, having repealed all the proceedings of the Mayor of *London* againſt him, and given *Woolſey* a ſevere check for the violence he had uſed in that Rancounter, condemned the Earl of *Kildare* in the charge of maintaining two Fregats in the *Iriſh*-Seas. Of all the Rivals of *Brandon*, there was none but the officious *Gray* exempted. The generoſity that he had ſhewed for an unfortunate enemy, was of no ſmall uſe to ſettle the good opinion, which in the ſequel he was held in. But *Bourchier*, *Sommerſet*, young *Buckingham*, and the reſt, met with ſharp Reprimands from the King; and his Majeſty having expreſt himſelf

ſelf with diſcontent againſt the ſcoffers and libellers, which ſpared not ſo much as his own Palace, men became more reſerved, and ſpake no more of the affairs of others. In the mean while, the Princeſs having been in great danger of her life, gave ſhortly aſſured ſigns of a ſpeedy cure. Beſides, her young age and good conſtitution, that which contributed much to it, was the relation that *Brandon* gave her of the long diſcourſe which he had had with the King, the day that he was releaſed. Though he perſiſted in the deſign that the King had endeavoured to divert him from; yet at that time he gave no ſigns of it. On the contrary in the neceſſity of pleaſing her, he himſelf was willing to ſeem flattered with the things that he thought no more on, but with grief; and that complaiſance working its effect, the tranquillity of her mind recalled ſo effectually her

her bodily health, that ſhe recovered from her ſickneſs more beautiful than before. But as the King had only delayed his expedition to the War of *France* for her ſake; ſo he haſtened his departure, ſo ſoon as he knew her to be out of danger, and uſed the more precipitancy, becauſe knowing better than any other the trouble that ſhe and *Brandon* would have to bid adieu, he would not have them have time to prepare for it, nor to revive their paſſions.

Few arms have marched out with a more victorious air, than that of *England*. The King, the Commanders, Soldiers, and every thing elſe ſeemed to go in triumph; and there was no appearance, as the affairs of *Lowis* the twelfth ſtood, that he could be able to withſtand them. The League formed againſt him by the intrigues of Pope *Julius* the Second, who had reſolved

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at what rate ſoever to be revenged of him, becauſe that by his Ambaſſadours he had maintained the Council of *Piſa*, where his life had been ſo ſeverely examined, raiſed him as many enemies as he had neighbours. His allies had already felt the cruel effects of his misfortune. And amongſt others, poor *John D'albert* loſt the year before his Kingdom of *Navar*; for *Ferdinand* of *Arragon*, who deſired nothing more than to joyn it to *Spain*, failed not to lay hold on the ſpecious pretext offered him by the Interdict of *Rome*: and though that Pope, a man of a froward and turbulent ſpirit, upon his recovery from a great fit of ſickneſs, ſeemed to repent his bad deſigns; yet he had engaged ſo many other potentates, that he was now no more the Maſter of Peace. All *Italy* was in arms. The moſt part of the ſmall Princes hoping to raiſe themſelves to greatneſs

neſs in the diſorder, and running to the noiſe that had awakened them, joyned themſelves to the party of the League, though they knew not why; ſo that, what ſecret attempts ſo ever *Julius* the Second made at that time to make an end of the War, yet the loſs of the Battel of *Navar* (which drew after it all the *Milaneſe*) that the *French* then ſuſtained, was nevertheleſs a chick of his hatching.

The ſad news of this came to *Paris* at the ſame time, that the *Engliſh* embarked for their paſſage; and many croſs accidents together befel the King of *France*, during the joys that his Court could not refuſe to the marriage of the Count of *Guiſe* with *Anthonet* of *Bourbon*, Siſter to the Count of *Vendoſme*. Not but, that in the apprehenſion of the ſtorm which he foreſaw from *England*, having al-

ready dealt with the King of *Scotland* to make a diverſion; and *Pregent* his Vice-admiral in the *Mediterranean*, who had no more to do with the *Genoweſe*, being ready to paſs over the Channel with *Primanget*, Commander of the *Britiſh*-Ships, to ravage the Coaſts of *Ireland*; he had a great many good Troops on foot, and Officers of extraordinary merit. *Lowis de Halewin*, Marqueſs of *Pienne*, a man of conſummated Valour, who was their General, had Rendezvouzed them at *Hedin*. The Marqueſs *de Potelin* of a boyling hot Courage, commanded the Cavalry; and after him in ſeveral charges were, the Count *de la Plaiſſe*, a warlike man, the Chevalier *Bayard*, characteriſed without fear, and without reproach. The brave *Aimard de prie*, *Imbercourt*, *Clairmont*, *D'anjou*, *Buſſy*, *D'amboiſe*, *Bonnivet*, *Bonne-val*, *Fonterailles*, and a great many more all capable to

to command Armies, not to reckon thoſe who in reſpect of Birth were above them, as the Counts of *Guiſe* and *Vendoſme*, and the Duke of *Alencon*, whom the affairs of State obliged to remain with his Perſon. But the loſs of the *Milaneſe* put him in great Conſternation; and the King of *England* being Landed at *Calais*, at the head of thirty thouſand foot, and ſix thouſand horſe, with the greateſt Artillery that had been ſeen for a hundred years, he promiſed himſelf no favourable ſucceſs in his War-like preparations. The Emperour followed by four thouſand Peiſtres, and between five and ſix thouſand *Burgundian Faintaſſins*, had already begun the Fight in *Picardy*, ſo that it was not difficult to the *Engliſh* to perfect it. *Brandon* and *Talbot*, who led the Vanguard under the Conduct of Colonel *Windham*, whom the King had given them to moderate a little the heat of their

Courage, acted at firſt all that two young men, who ſought nothing but honour, were capable to perform; and chiefly *Brandon* by his love animated to glory, and rendering all things eaſiy to his guide, made the prudence of that ancient Warriour ſo yield to his good fortune, that having perſwaded him to advance as far as the City of *Therowenne*, they inveſted it.

Francis de Deligny, *Seneſchal* of *Rowergue*, and *Anthony de Crequy*, *Pontdormy*, Commanded in that place with a Garriſon of two thouſand Lanskenets, and five hundred Lancers; and being both vigorous and ſtout Commanders, they made ſeveral ſalleys upon their enemies. It was only the wilfulneſs of *Brandon* that kept the Town blocked up, whither the King of *England* immediately haſtening with long marches, and being as yet of no great experience,

ence, ran great *Riske* in the plain of *Tournehan*, where he had with him but ten thouſand foot. The Chevalier *Bayard* was already Maſter of one of the twelve *Culverines* which he carried with him, and the *Engliſh* were put into great terrour: but the too great prudence of the Marqueſs *de Pienne* marred all the advantage which the *French* might have made of that occaſion. *Brandon*, who marched to meet the King his Maſter, had time to joyn his Army, and to change the face of affairs; and that Prince well inſtructed by the engagement, how uſeful that favorite was to him, found hardly any other way to acknowledg his Valour, but by praying him to husband it better. The eſteem that he conceived of him, became equal to his former affection; and during that War, wherein all that belonged to him, be-

haved themſelves well, he was almoſt never heard to ſpeak but of *Brandon*. It is no leſs true, that he daily deſerved new praiſes; and that the ſiege of *Therowenne* being formed, there was no corner where he did not ſhow himſelf a terrour to the enemies.

It is not my deſign to give a particular account of all his actions, nor to relate the ſecret ſentiments of his heart; no more than the Letters which he wrote to the *Engliſh* Princeſs, and thoſe he received from her. Such particularities would lead me too far: beſides, there is nothing more eaſie than to imagine, that being ſeparated from one another, they failed not in the duties which a mutual tenderneſs preſcribes to true lovers. In effect, abſence ſerved only to make them know one another; they felt by experience the effects of all ſorts of longings, im-

impatiences and fears: and as the Princeſs *Mary* heard not without trembling of the dangers to which ſhe knew he expoſed himſelf, only that he might merit her; in the ſame manner he never ran any risk, but that he had the Image of that beautiful Princeſs before his eyes. It was to no purpoſe for his friends, who ſaw him ſo reſolute, to tell him, that he tempted his fortune too often, to have it always favourable. It was *Brandon's* deſign, either to prevent by a glorious death all the evils that he thought himſelf threatned by; or to raiſe himſelf to ſo great a reputation amongſt men, that he might have no more cauſe of fear from them: and that thirſt after glory, which *Henry* the Eighth underſtood very well to be the effect of his love, was oftener than once the ſubject of their entertainments. But what moderation ſoever the King adviſed him to uſe that way;

though he told him every day, that he did precipitate himſelf without any reaſon into dangers, for a bleſſing which was already wholly his own, yet he remitted nothing of that Warlike heat; but endeavoured (if it may be ſo ſaid) to make his King, and the Kingdom of *England* obliged to him for every thing. And in that he ſucceeded ſo well, that having gained as many Victories as he fought Battels, there was not ſo much as one, even to his moſt jealous Rivals, who acknowledged not, that as they could not any more contend with him in any thing; ſo nothing likewiſe ought to be denied him: but the braveſt of all his actions, and which in the deciſion of that War coſt him ſo dear in the ſequel, was the taking of the Marqueſs of *Rotelin*, who began then to be called Duke of *Longueville*.

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The deſign of the *French* was to re-victual *Therowenne*; and though the Emperour and King of *England* ſtreightly preſſed the place, yet *Teligny* and *Crequy*, promiſed themſelves in time to make them conſume their Forces before it; provided they could have Ammunition and Victuals, whereof they began to be in want, put into the place. The King of *France* upon the word of theſe two Valiant men, Commanded the Marqueſs *de Pienne* to omit nothing that could be done for that end; and he wrote to him daily from *Amiens*, where he lay a-bed of the Gout to that purpoſe. In ſo much, that what difficulty ſoever there might be in the enterpriſe, *Pienne* reſolved to undertake it. The Orders were given to bold *Fonterailles*, Captain of the *Albanians*, who being loaded with Powder and Proviſions, ſlipt quietly by as far as the *Town-ditch*. But as till then

then the deſign had been very well carried on, ſo the imprudence of the Volunteers, who would not joyn with the Troops which *La Paliſſe* commanded to make good *Fonterailles*'s retreat, was the cauſe that it took no effect. Moſt part of them entered the Town to viſit their friends. Others ſcorched with heat, alighted from their great horſes, and to refreſh themſelves, mounted their ambling Nags; and almoſt all of them having drunk and made merry, came in diſorder, ſome in a huddle together, and the reſt in file one after another, to view the *Engliſh* Camp. *Brandon* being informed how matters went, and withal vexed at the victualling of the Town, which the King his Maſter thinking the occaſion might prove too hot for him, would not ſuffer him to oppoſe, came to ask leave to charge thoſe at leaſt who had done it in their retreat. He moved the King a lit-

a little at firſt, by repreſenting to him how eaſie a matter it was to cut them all to pieces; or at leaſt to take them Priſoners, by the fooliſh confidence they were in; and ſpeaking to that, not only as an able Captain for Conduct, but likewiſe as a reſolute Soldier for execution, there being no time to be loſt, the King at laſt conſented to it. So that, whilſt there were ſome detachments making againſt the parties of *Fonterailles*, and *la Paliſſe*, to beat back the one, and break the other; *Brandon*, with Colonel *Davers* marching at the head of four thouſand horſe, eight hundred foot, and ſix pieces of Cannon, paſſes the River *Lis*, near to *Derlet*, and lyes in wait for the Enemies at the paſſage of *Hutin*. They retreated with great aſſurance, marching in confuſion, as he had foreſeen, for being purſued by none after the falſe allarm, which was purpoſely given them

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was over, and miſſing none of their number, but the young Count *D'anton*, Son to the Seignior of *Bouchage*, and ſome others that could not get out of *Therowenne*, they dreamt not of any greater miſchief: when *Brandon* appearing of a ſudden, ſo ſharply charged them, that having no leiſure to mount their great Horſes again, nor to put on their head-pieces, they began to be in diſorder. The brave *la Paliſſe*, notwithſtanding of the ſtout reſiſtance he made, was already taken; and the undaunted Chevalier *Bayard*, having almoſt ſinglely defended the bridg of *Hutin*, became companion in the bad fortune of *Clairmont*, *D'anjow*, and of *Buſſy D'amboiſe*, to whoſe aſſiſtance he came. There remained none but the Duke of *Longueville* to head the ſubdued, who being mounted on a ſtout charging-horſe, compleatly armed, it ſeemed no eaſie matter for one man

man hand to hand to get the better of him: and beſides a conſiderable body of the *French* Army advanceing in order of Battel, thoſe that had been put to flight, began to rally. So that *Brandon* perceiving that the total rout of the Enemies depended on the overthrow of this Warriour, and by the riches of his arms, taking him for a *French* Prince, he left *la Paliſſe* in the hands of ſome Gentlemen, who kept him not long; and with ſword in hand ſet upon him, whoſe reſiſtance hindered his Victory.

The Duke of *Longueville* received him valiantly: but at length, after the interchanging of many blows, *Brandon* with the danger of a wound which he received in the thigh, diſmounted the Duke, who disjoynted his ſhoulder by the fall. The *French* upon this turned back upon thoſe that were coming to their aid, and put their own men

men in as great diſorder, as the Enemy would have done; and ſeeing in this Battel their horſes heels had done them better ſervice than the points of their ſwords, it was called the Battel of *Spurs*. But it had been far better for *Brandon*, that the Duke of *Longueville* had eſcaped with the reſt; for the injury that he did him afterward was ſo great, that all the Glory he obtained in overcoming him, and all the praiſe that he gained thereby, was not enough to make amends for it. Time ſenſibly diſcovering to him, that fortune by great evils can be repayed of her greateſt favours.

After this, there happened no more conſiderable action on either ſide. *Brandon's* wound kept him a fortnight a-bed; and the King of *France*, though he had loſt but very few men, being unwilling to expoſe his Kingdom to the danger of

of a Battel, thought it beſt to give *Therowenne* to the fortune of his Enemies. *Teligny* after two months ſiege, rendered it on compoſition, Victuals and Ammunition failing him before his Courage; and the King of *England*, and the Emperour not agreeing betwixt themſelves about the propriety of the place; the one claiming it by right of Inheritance, and the other by Conqueſt, it was preſently demoliſhed. In the mean time *Lowis* the Twelfth, that he might put a ſtop to his bad ſucceſs, by employing a General, in whoſe ſafety all his Subjects might be concerned, cauſed the young Duke of *Valois* to advance to *Blangy*. But neither the merit of that Prince, nor the great Forces that daily joyned him, hindered the progreſs of the King of *England*; for whilſt the Duke *Longueville*, and the other Priſoners were on their way to *London*, he lay down before the City of *Tournay*,

Tournay, which having no hope of relief, as lying in the midſt of the Low-Countreys, made no long reſiſtance. And having now reduced that place under his Obedience, and beginning to have ſome jarring with the Emperour, who in many things was chargeable to him, and in others unfaithful, he returned back into *England*.

Never was Prince better ſatisfied; for beſides his own Conqueſts of *Therowenne* and *Tournay*, the Victory which the Earl of *Surrey*'s Lieutenant had juſt then obtained over the *Scots*, raiſed him to the higheſt pitch of fortune, that he could almoſt pretend to; and though his Fleet had received ſome ruffle in the Bay of *Breſt*, yet the death of the King of *Scotland* killed in the Battel of *Floudon*, which he fought only for the intereſt of *France*, though he was

was his Brother-in-law, revenged him fully of that, and of the damage which *Pregent* and *Primanguet* had done him on his Waſtes: Inſomuch, that he entred *London* in triumph; where, to reward thoſe who had fought ſo valiantly for his Glory, he made *Brandon* Duke of *Suffolk*, gave the Title of Duke of *Norfolk* to the Earl of *Surrey*, and to his Son the Admiral, that of *Surrey*: and *Talbot*, *Gray* and *Sommerſet*, who had behaved themſelves ſtoutly on all occaſions, were created, the one Earl of *Shrewsbury* in the place of his Father who deſired it; the other Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, his Father being lately dead, and the laſt Earl of *Worceſter*. But theſe are matters wide of my Subject, and I ſhould not remark them by the by, but for avoiding confuſion, in the names of thoſe who may have ſome ſhare in the ſequel of this Hiſtory. My buſineſs ſhould

be to relate the joy that the *Engliſh* Princeſs conceived upon the return of *Brandon*, to which the title of Duke of *Suffolk*, (as from henceforth he muſt be named) added but little; for a real virtue once known, needs no other Ornaments. And the affectionate rebukes ſhe gave him for having ſo often expoſed himſelf to dangers, would without doubt require a more exact deſcription than I make, were it not that the tenderneſs of theſe Lovers is ſufficiently known; and that their pains, rather than pleaſures, are to be related: ſince that amidſt trouble and difficulties, the greatneſs and power of Love appears more conſpicuous. After ſo fair beginnings, they wanted not croſſes; and all that had befallen them before the War, from the competition of *Gray*, *Bourchier*, and *Sommerſet*, from the Kings indifferency after the death of *Cecile Blunt*, or from the

the aggreſſion of the Earl of *Kildare*, followed by an Impriſonment, which the ſecret Quality of a Prince of *York* rendered the more dangerous: All this, I ſay, bears no proportion with what they endured afterward.

Upon the return from the War of *France*, all people imagining that *Brandon*, who had acquired ſo much Glory there, ſhould eſpouſe the Princeſs *Mary*, when they ſaw him only made Duke of *Suffolk*, and nothing elſe talked of, they believed that his fortune was at a ſtand; and that in that reſpect there had been more policy than friendſhip in the Conduct of the King. There is but little certainty in the opinions of men, all is but whimſey. There was no more diſcourſe therefore of his Intelligence with *Mary* of *England*, nor of the ſervices he rendered her. On the contrary they began

both to be pitied, as two perfect Lovers, cruelly and unjuſtly dealt with. But whilſt people thus favoured them with their good opinions, a tranquil ſerenity gave jealouſie time to riſe to a head againſt them. This new Quality of Duke of *Suffolk*, which rendered him a ſuitable match to the chiefeſt Ladies at Court, made in effect, many of them caſt their thoughts that way, becauſe it was believed that he had attained to the greateſt height that he could expect. So that the lovely *Lucretia Tilney* being of a Quality and Fortune anſwerable to his merit, the Princeſs had no ſooner taken notice of the civilities which *Suffolk* rendered her to pleaſe the King only, who deſigned her for his Miſtris, but that ſhe immediately imagined they were the effects of Love. So that ſhe became jealous to that extremity, into which true Lovers commonly fall

of

of a ſudden. She ſpake not a word of this to her faithful *Judith Kiffen*, from whom ſhe had never concealed any thing but the ſecret of *Brandon's* Birth; who not knowing what to think of the alteration that he perceived in her, eſſayed for ſome days to diſcover that in her eyes, which was quite contrary to what was in her heart. That extreme reſpect might have provoked any other beſides *Mary* of *England*; and there are but few Lovers, who in the fury of jealouſie, would not have taken it for indifferency. But as ſhe only loved, becauſe ſhe was beloved, ſo ſhe made the beſt uſe of the various Sentiments that attend love. She always deviſed arguments to excuſe the inconſtancy that ſhe complained of; and by ſtrongeſt reaſon drawn from the ſtock of moſt tender affection, ſhe ſometimes perſwaded her ſelf, that the effects which ſhe had

cauſed in the heart of *Brandon*, whilſt he was but nothing, were not to be expected from the Duke of *Suffolk*. He loved me, ſaid ſhe, as the Daughter and Siſter of his King. He hath uſed me as a pleaſant apparation to entertain his idle thoughts, whilſt he had none that were ſerious; and now that he is what he deſerves to be, he applies himſelf to that which he may obtain. If thou wert not of the blood of *Lancaſter*, continued ſhe, and could he promiſe himſelf of thee, what he thinks he may expect of another, he would love thee ſtill, as he hath loved thee, and over-love thee. And thereupon giving way to the mild Sentiments, by which the pretended infidelity of *Suffolk* might be juſtified; Let us pardon then, ſaid ſhe, let us pardon him, for an injury which reſpect and fear only makes him commit againſt our love. Let us do juſtice to that tender affection, whereof we

we have received ſo great Teſtimonies; this is probably the perfecteſt inſtance that he could render us, and it coſts him doubtleſs too dear, to be undervalued by unjuſt ſuſpitions. But jealouſie uſurping again the dominion over her heart, ſuch lofty reaſonings did not at all ſatisfie her. She had much a-do to conceive how a Lover could renounce the thing he loves; and then concluding, that love which always ſlights and gets above reaſon and *decorum*, is not ſo tame, ſhe found her ſelf much diſpoſed to judg no more in favour of *Suffolk*. Beſides, his true extraction more and more fortified her jealouſie; and thinking that the reaſons which ſhe allowed to *Brandon*, or Duke of *Suffolk*, did not ſo well ſuit with a Prince of *York*: what appeared to her to be an exceſs of love or diſcretion in the one, had not the ſame character in the other. And the very

ry Glory which he had acquired in *France*, made his preſent Conduct a little ſuſpicious to her. She ſaw him ſo well ſupported by his own worth, that ſhe could not but ſometimes think that he intended to build his Fortune thereon: and as the King appeared ſo much the leſs favourable to their Union, that he had ſeemed much inclined to it before, and that he reflected on it very ſeriouſly; ſo the ſervices that the Duke of *Suffolk* rendered to the lovely *Tilney*, which jealouſie made appear far more aſſiduous than they were, though all was but an effect of complaiſance, made her often enraged againſt her ſelf, and condemn all her own goodneſs. At length after a long conflict within her ſelf, ſo great as to make her compare her own marvelous and rare perfections, with the ordinary and indifferent Qualities of her pretended Rival: as ſhe loved to the utmoſt

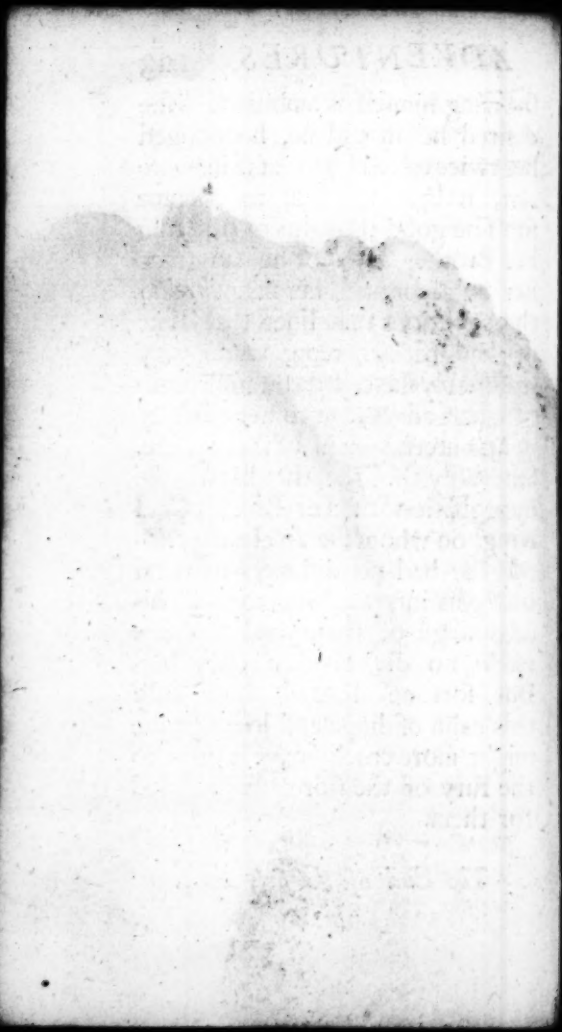
utmoſt extent of love, and that her jealouſie was altogether gentle and ſublime, and had nothing ragged nor low, ſhe found her ſelf reduced to a neceſſity of ſpeaking. But ſhe did it with ſo expreſſive and ſenſible an air, that ſhe had hardly opened her mouth, when *Suffolk* by her firſt word diſcovering the cauſe of that diſcontent which he could not gueſs at, needed no more but a ſingle ſigh to allay her trouble. Their Sentiments as well as looks were ſoon agreed, and they expreſſed themſelves ſo intelligibly in that manner, and underſtood one another ſo well, that being both fully ſatisfied, and fixing their eyes on one another for ſome time, they needed no other language to ſpeak their thoughts. *Suffolk* being raviſhed to ſee himſelf ſo dear to the Princeſs, as to inſpire into her jealouſie, ſeemed by ſilence and other ſigns of ſubmiſſion, to thank her for ſuch a

new

new favour, which he never believed himſelf able to deſerve. But at length he broke that ſo eloquent ſilence, to complain of her too much reſervedneſs; and the Princeſs perceiving that his complaint was juſt, and ſhe in kindneſs obliged to ſuffer it; made appear by a moſt engaging bluſh, that ſhe deſired he ſhould not perſiſt therein. So that love which lays hold on all occaſions, to make Lovers ſpeak, raiſing an officious conteſt betwixt them on that ſubject, was the cauſe that the Princeſs *Mary* came inſenſibly to diſcover all that ſhe had concealed in her thoughts. At this time it was, that the Duke of *Suffolk* found himſelf raiſed to the top of felicity. He confeſſed himſelf very far ſhort of the diſcretion ſhe allowed him, and by tranſports of gratitude, which could never with good grace be employed but on that occaſion, conſidering the ſtate of his fortune, ſhow-

ſhowing himſelf as ambitious as ſhe deſired he ſhould be, he obliged her twice to tell him, that if he were not, it behoved him to become ſo. The good thoughts of the King her Brother, whereof he had given her an account in her ſickneſs, and the reflexions that ſince that time ſhe had made thereon, which very ſeaſonably ſhe called to mind, were of great advantage to her modeſty in an entertainment of that nature. She eaſily thought, that having the approbation of her Brother and King, on whom ſhe ſolely depended, ſhe had no diſtances to ſtand on. She intreated him to make his advantage of that, and *Brandon* made no difficulty to obey her. But fortune allowed them only this calm of hope and joy, that ſhe might more cruelly expoſe them to the fury of the ſtorm ſhe prepared for them.

The End of the firſt Part.



THE English Princeſs, OR THE Dutcheſs QUEEN.

The Second PART.

THE DUKE of *Longueville*, with ſome other *French*, being at *London*, Priſoner at large, under no other Confinement but his word, lived at Court in Princely Magni-

Magnificence; and having occaſion daily to ſee the beautiful Princeſs *Mary*, though his arm which he carried in a ſcarf ſince his hurt, ſtill pained him, had nevertheleſs but too many eaſie minutes to conſider all the charms of her Beauty. For nine or ten Months time he had endeavoured by all probable arguments to reſiſt the vanity of ſuch thoughts: the Quality of Daughter and Siſter to a King, promiſed already in marriage to the heir of the Crown of *Spain*, and the open War betwixt *France* and *England*, allowed him no great hopes. But he became at length paſſionately in love, by frequent repreſenting to himſelf the reaſons that ſhould have hindered it. He thought it no error to take pleaſure in beholding the faireſt Princeſs in the world. He looked upon the frequent occaſions that he ſought of entertaining her, to be but the amuſement of a Priſoner; and

and thinking to ſecure his heart from love by the many impoſſibilities of enjoyment, he fancied there was no great danger in deſiring to pleaſe her. In the mean time it befel him, as he would have foretold to any other in the like diſpoſition. He came even to forget that he was a Priſoner; and as love delights in myſtery and intrigues, entering into confidence with *Mary* of *England*, he gave her a full diſcovery of the ſecret of his King and Maſters Court. The averſion that the late Queen of *France* had againſt the Duke of *Valois*, and the fear that ſhe was in, leſt the Dutchy of *Bretannie* ſhould be for ever united to the Crown of *France*, afforded him ample ſubjects of diſcourſe. He told her all the attempts which that implacable Queen had made to hinder that Union from taking effect by the marriage of her eldeſt Daughter, to a Prince whom ſhe could

could not endure. She added, that though the matter was accompliſhed, yet the Duke of *Valois* ſeemed not much ſatisfied therewith; and that having no Children by Madam, and moſt people doubting whether ever he ſhould have any, he was already, perhaps, projecting to do with her, as the King his Father-in-law had done with *Jane* of *France*; ſo that the Daughter was very like to undergo the ſame fortune and uſage which her Mothers beauty had occaſioned to the Siſter of *CHARLES* the Eight; that the King was very infirm, and gave no hopes of long life; and by the inſtance of the Princeſs her ſelf, to whom he was ſpeaking, who had been ineffectually engaged to the heir of *Spain*, making no account of the marriage of *Claudia* of *France*, with the preſumptive heir of *LOWIS* the Twelfth, he eaſily concluded, that if ſhe would accept of his ſer-

ſervice in that negotiation, without any long expectation, ſhe might ſee it ſucceſsfully brought to a period. And thereupon, giving way to his own thoughts, he cryed, That his greateſt happineſs would be to ſee her Queen of *France*; and though to ſay the truth, his intentions were neither the moſt ſincere nor diſcreet that might be imagined, yet it was not ſo eaſie for the young Princeſs to penetrate into the folly of them. What vivacity and briskneſs ſo ever ſhe had, mischief and diſorder were far from her thoughts. Her tender and paſſionate air, was ſometimes injurious to her virtue; and as ſhe was every way obliging, ſo it was moſt commonly imagined by all that had the honour to ſee her, that the Conqueſt of her was not very difficult. In this then the Duke of *Longueville*, as well as many others, found himſelf deceived; who in ſtead of a lawful

hope, feeding his love with the vain expectations, which his deſires and appearances ſhaped for him, by making *Mary* of *England* Queen of *France*; he entertained hardly any thought for her, which he expreſſed not under ſo fair a pretext. Though the Princeſs was not affected by his Diſcourſes in the manner that he could have wiſhed; ſhe was nevertheleſs well-pleaſed to hear them. His truely *French* humour, and gallantry, had ſo great a reſemblance to her own, that ſhe ſtill entertained the Duke of *Suffolk* with all that he ſaid to her; and he who had received no diſquiet from his former Rivals, was but at firſt ſlightly moved with this laſt. He imputed this new correſpondence to the natural freedom of the Princeſs, and did not condemn her jollity. But jealouſie that began to work in him, began likewiſe to ſhake his confidence, and the diſquiet of mind

mind by little and little following the emotions of his heart, he took the allarm at laſt, and grew ſo jealous, that he became uneaſie to himſelf. The care and means that the Princeſs eſſayed to reaſſure and compoſe him, wrought no great effects; and his grief encreaſed ſo much, that he having refuſed all the gentle remedies, which with greateſt ſincerity ſhe offered to him, ſhe reſolved without ſpeaking a word, at length to employ the ſtrongeſt. For that end ſhe denied the Duke of *Longueville* any more acceſs to her; and becauſe he continued obſtinate to the contrary, ſhe was about to have ſpoken to the King, that he might ſend him back into *France* upon his word, or confine him to ſome of his houſes in the Countrey.

The noiſe of that would have been great without doubt, and

the King who could not prevail on the mind of *Suffolk* by other means, would not have ſpared that way of curing him, had ſhe but in the leaſt propoſed it. The repoſe of that favorite was now become as dear to the King as his own; and if the Princeſs had not been promiſed to the young Arch-Duke by a ſolemn treaty, the breach whereof had not as yet been approved by the two Houſes of Parliament; it is certain that he would have beſtowed her on him, upon his return from *France*, when he made him Duke of *Suffolk*. But he had meaſures to obſerve in that affair, by reaſon of the King of *Spain*, who would not have failed to have complained of ſuch a marriage to the contempt of his Grandſon. He had the like to obſerve with his Queen, who was Aunt to that Prince; and being divided betwixt ſo important conſiderations, he found it

it one of thoſe thorny affairs, wherein Kings are in ſome manner afraid to make uſe of their abſolute power. And that was the reaſon that he ſpake no more of it: which at firſt troubled all the Court, and gave grounds of believing that he entertained other thoughts. But the removal of the Duke of *Longueville* would have coſt him nothing; ſo that *Suffolk* no ſooner underſtood that the Princeſs intended to propoſe it, but he prevented her, and reſolving to over-come himſelf, or to dye, rather than to admit of ſuch a remedy, the intereſt of the perſon whom he loved wrought on his heart, what he was unable to perform for his own repoſe. Matters then reaſſumed almoſt their former face; and the Duke of *Longueville*, who knew nothing of the diſorder which he cauſed, nor of the evil wherewith he had been threatned, continued his

Gallantries, but with this difference, that the Princeſs concerned at the troubles of *Suffolk*, ſeemed not to him to have the ſame freedom of humour as formerly. He judged of that ſometimes in her favour, and ſometimes to her prejudice: according to the freakiſhneſs of Lovers, who for one and the ſame thing are many times both glad and ſorrowful; and as he had a good conceit of himſelf, ſo he enclined rather to the one ſide than the other. But hardly was that diſorder appeaſed, when it broke out again more cruelly than before; for ſome Letters by a ſtrange fatality, being come to *London*, which gave advice that the King of *France* deſigned a new marriage with an *Italian* Princeſs; that bad rumour, which ſeemed not in the leaſt to have any relation to the fortune of *Suffolk*, was the utter overthrow of all his hopes.

The

The Duke of *Longueville*, who found no fairer pretext to Colour his Love for the *Engliſh* Princeſs, but that of ſeeing her Queen of *France*, and conſidering that all that he had ſaid in reſpect of the Duke of *Valois* heir of the Crown, was but a dull notion, wherewith he was not himſelf much flattered; ſeeing that he knew ſeveral things of the marriage of that Prince, with the Princeſs *Claudia*, that were far different from what the pleaſure of diſcourſe and his paſſion had made him ſay on that ſubject; ſo ſoon as he was informed of the news from *Paris*, without examining whether it was falſe or true, he conceived a more ſenſible and ſpecious notion; and the intereſt of the Kingdom joyned to that pretended deſire of a new marriage, which was publiſhed of his King, perfected in his mind that Image. The age of *LOWIS* the Twelfth afforded

him new delights, whenſoever he reflected thereon; and if it be free once to declare what he had always in his thoughts, he imagined that the lovely Princeſs in the embraces of an old Husband, oppreſſed with the Gout, and many other infirmities, might be very well allowed ſome liberty. This idle fancy then made his flame ſparkle; ſo that having rendered her a viſit upon occaſion of the report that went of the King of *France*, with eyes glanceing with the joy that he deſired to raiſe in her, having premiſed ſuch circumſtances as he judged proper for his deſign, he expreſſed himſelf with ſo prepoſſeſſed and contented an air, that he left her hardly the liberty to ſay any thing againſt his overture. The Princeſs only ſeemed not at all ſurpriſed, and as if ſhe had thought on nothing leſs, giving him a cold anſwer, that he deſigned her for every body, ſhe allowed him

him no opportunity of inſiſting in his diſcourſe. The jealouſie of *Suffolk* created her too much trouble, to entertain him on ſuch a ſubject; and ſhe was ſo far from giving the leaſt check to the hopes which ſhe deſired him to continue in, by ſo vain a conſideration, that for all the Crowns of the World, ſhe would not have diſturbed the quiet of his heart. So that the Duke of *Longueville*, finding her not ſo eaſie to be perſwaded in reſpect of *LOWIS* the Twelfth, as he believed ſhe might have been in favour of the Duke of *Valois*; and imagining that the old age of the former, cauſed in her that averſion, and as he was not much concerned, whether ſhe was ſatisfied, or not to be Queen of *France*, provided ſhe were ſo; he thought it beſt in that conjuncture, to make a matter of ſtate of it. But the King with whom he was to negotiate,

tiate, being prepoſſeſſed to the contrary, as well as the Princeſs, gave him no more ſatisfaction than ſhe had done; and when he was preſſed to ſpeak his mind, he anſwered him, That a propoſition wherein all *Europe* was concerned, ſounded not well from the mouth of a Priſoner. Yet for all this the Duke was not diſcouraged. He wrote to the King his Maſter, and with his Letter ſent the Picture of *Mary* of *England*; and being a more ſucceſsful negotiator at diſtance, than in preſence; the affairs of *Italy* being now ſomewhat compoſed by the death of Pope *Julius*, to whom *LEO* the Tenth ſucceeded, and the Miniſters of *France* finding their advantages in an alliance with *England*, he received an anſwer according to his deſire.

Then it was that poor *Suffolk* perceived his ruin manifeſt. The Duke

Duke of *Longueville* was the firſt that drew his blood at the Battel of *Spurs:* he was the firſt that infected his mind with the ſullen poyſon of jealouſie, which troubled all his delights at *London*; and as a fatal enemy was now to diſquiet the reſt of his days. And indeed, he ſtrove no more to reſiſt the matter; nor did he ſo much as ſeek eaſe by complaining, leſt that by flattering ſo his grief, it might break out againſt his will; and that his virtue whereof he then ſtood ſo much in need, ſhould be weakened thereby. It was to no purpoſe for the Princeſs to diſcourſe him about that ſubject. It was to no purpoſe for her to employ all her Charms with him; and to upbraid him with the ſharpeſt cuts of Love, that ſhe found he loved her no more, ſince that he yielded her to another; for he had not only the power to be ſilent before her, but he maintained

tained to the laſt, that rigorous conflict wherein nothing but the love of her made him reſiſt; and the King his Maſter, with all his dexterity and goodneſs, produced but ſtill leſs effects on him. Never was there ſo much conſtancy in ſo tender and afflicted a ſoul. He entertained the Princeſs *Mary* no more, but with the Grandure and Beauties of *France*. He urged to her by ſolid reaſons, that the moſt glorious paſſion was, the deſire to reign over the moſt illuſtrious people of the Univerſe. He went farther to encourage her, by pretending that his own intereſt was therein concerned; and as if he had been the moſt covetous of all men, who was indeed the moſt liberal, he ſeemed only then poſſeſſed with the hopes of the great riches that he expected from her Crown. The ſoul muſt without doubt be great, which can love in that ſtrain; and ordinary paſſions are unable

unable to renounce themſelves in that manner. But the fair Princeſs, to whom he rendered ſo rare an inſtance of a perfect love, repayed it by another no leſs wonderful on her part. The Crown of *France* ſeemed nothing to her in reſpect of *Suffolks* heart, and being ſenſible to the utmoſt of the unſpeakable pleaſure that is found in being loved as one loves, that was to her ſo Soveraign a bleſſing, that no other earthly advantage could equal it. She diſputed therefore with him the poſſeſſion of his heart, which ſhe deſired ſtill to enjoy, as he contended for the loſs of hers, which he was willing ſhe ſhould deprive him of; and her lovely eyes bore already the marks of the wrong which the tears ſhe ſhed, did them. The King, between whoſe arms ſhe had caſt her ſelf to bewail, and to overcome the virtue of *Suffolk*, knew no more how to govern ſometime the

the one, ſometime the other. As ſhe had been accuſtomed to conceal from him nothing of her paſſion, and as it may be ſaid that he was the ſole confident of her Love; ſo neither had he been wanting to her in any comfort or remedy. He made her the Miſtris of her ſelf; and being ready to repaſs into *France* at the head of an Army, under divers pretexts to renew the War there, he deſired no better than to trouble all *Europe*, that he might re-eſtabliſh Tranquillity in her heart. But it was not enough for theſe great Remedies to produce their effect, that they were prepared by the hand of the King, and accepted by the Princeſs; *Suffolk* muſt likewiſe approve and make uſe of them. If they were good for her, they ſeemed of no value to him. He condemned them already, and found fault with them every way. He deſigned to arm againſt them,

pro-

proteſting at what rate ſoever to oppoſe them; and the Amorous Princeſs had to do with a Lover that deſired nothing more, than to triumph over himſelf, that he might Crown her.

This violent ſtate of affairs laſted two full Months, and no body underſtood the ſecret. The melancholy of the Princeſs was imputed to a diſpute that ſhe had had with the Queen concerning the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*. The Court was divided betwixt them upon that account; and the King fomented their diviſion, that he might the better conceal the Amorous myſtery whereof he was the Guardian: when that the propoſals of the Duke of *Longueville* were again renewed with ſuch formalities, as ſuffered them not to be rejected. The Pope wrote to that purpoſe. The *Venetians* concerned themſelves therein. *John* Duke of

of *Albany*, Regent of *Scotland*, during the Minority of the King his Nephew, intereſted himſelf in the affair with all the earneſtneſs that the concerns of his Pupil required; and theſe ſo diſtant Potentates in this manner formed an Union in opinions, to make a moſt cruel War againſt the Reſolutions of the Princeſs *Mary*; but what deference ſoever the King of *England* was obliged to have for ſo conſiderable ſolicitations; though beſides that, the alliance of *LOWIS* the Twelfth was of ſuch moment, that it could not be rejected by a ſober Prince: nevertheleſs, the compaſſion that he had for his Siſter, the high eſteem that he made of *Suffolk*; and his natural propenſity to all intrigues of Love, would have made him find out ways enough to elude the ſuit of the one, and the importunities of the reſt; if the continual perfidies of the King of *Spain* his Father-

in-

in-law, had not in a manner forced him to comply. That cunning Prince, having drawn the late Pope *Julius* into the League, whereof the *Engliſh* were at all the charge, and the *Spaniards* reaped all the profit, began to deceive him in the firſt *Pyrenean* War. He ſeized on the Kingdom of *Navar*, not minding the *Engliſh* Forces, which he had perſwaded to Land at *Bayonne*; and who finding themſelves diſappointed of their hopes of being able to gain the places which he promiſed them in *Guyenne*, were conſtrained to return. Since that, he had broken his word to him at the Sieges of *Therowenne* and *Tournay*, where he neither aſſiſted him with men nor money; and had of late again made a truce with *LOWIS* the Twelfth, without his advice.

So that, to all theſe injuries joyning the averſion that he had

to Queen *Catherine*, the Daughter of that crafty Prince; and projecting already the divorce which he made from her ſince, he found that occaſion ſo favourable, that his proper intereſt prevailed with him more than the conſideration of his Siſter. Some have ſaid, that it was only an effect of his inconſtancy; and it is certain, that he was none of the firmeſt in his reſolutions. But it is no leſs true, that the diſpleaſure which he conceived againſt his Father-in-law, and againſt his Queen, had no ſmall ſhare in that change, that broke the Ice at firſt; and the alliance of *France* made his ſatisfaction appear afterwards more ſpeedy and eaſie: had it not been for theſe conſiderations, he might have poſſibly perſiſted in his former deſign; and a more ſteady mind than his, by ſo many reaſons could not but have too many temptations to change.

The

The propoſals therefore of the King of *France* were accepted. *Suffolk* was one of the firſt that aſſented to them; and as at that time the Princeſs *Mary* abandoned her ſelf wholly to grief, ſo that generous Lover, upon the refuſal of the King, who could not any longer comfort her but by falſe hopes, undertook to do it. That change was, without doubt, the ſum of his afflictions. There is no violence like to that, when a man inflamed with Love, forces himſelf by an exceſs of affection, to perſwade the perſon whom he loves, that ſhe ought no more to love him. But that ſame love which he ſtrove to hide, being the principle that ſet all the movements of his heart to work, did hourly betray his deſign. What garb ſoever he put on, what ſhape ſoever he borrowed, all was ſtill love, it would not be diſguiſed; and where it was moſt under con-

ſtraint, there it broke forth with greateſt luſtre. So that, the Princeſs who felt her ſelf touched, even with the hardeſt things that *Suffolk* durſt tell her, melting with compaſſion for the cruel tryals that he put himſelf to for her ſake, obſerved no meaſures on her part, to make him lay aſide that forced Mask. But he having one day, when they were by themſelves, urged her ſo far, that ſhe was at length pierced with that greatneſs of Soul, that could not be made to ſtoop by the tenderneſs of hers; and finding nothing to upbraid her inexorable Lover with, but his ſecret Quality of Prince of *York*; ſhe told him, that ſince he had been informed of that, he entertained not the ſame Sentiments for her as before. And grief afterward tranſporting her with a vehemency beyond her nature, ſhe fell to exaggerate the hereditary hatred that the Houſe of

of *York* bore againſt that of *Lancaſter*: Adding, that ſhe knew better what he was by his rigour, than by the propheſie of *Merlin*; and in fine, terming the reaſons which he had heretofore alledged for his withdrawing from *London*, ſo ſoon as he had diſcovered his Birth, but artifices. She told him at length, that it was not ſhe alone that was become odious to him, and that at that time he only deſired a ſpecious pretext to leave her, that he might go ſeek in *France* an occaſion to head a Party againſt the King her Brother. This terrrible diſcourſe was even ſomewhat longer than impetuous diſcourſes uſe to be; and the Duke of *Suffolk*, who knew very well that love in anger has ſudden eruptions, to which nothing muſt be expoſed, did not ſo much as by the leaſt geſture or look, dream of interrupting her. He ſuffered her therefore to ſpeak as long as

ſhe pleaſed, and even affected to put her in ſome kind of impatience for an anſwer: and when he thought that ſhe had expected it long enough, he gently replyed; That not having foreſeen the reproach ſhe made to him, it was not in his power to juſtifie himſelf on the ſudden; and that ſeeing his Crime was diſcovered, ſhe had no more to do, but to puniſh him. And then beholding her with ſo much the more calmneſs, that ſhe had ſpoken in paſſion: but, Madam, continued he, let me be delivered into the hands of the executioner, and let me dye, you ſhall be Queen of *France*, and it ſhall be to me a delightful comfort, when I mount the ſcaffold, to know that I am no more an hinderance to you to mount the Throne. About a year ago you knew not what reaſon might make you become mine enemy; now you have found it out: I am deſirous

you

you ſhould be a Queen. Ah! Madam, cryed he, I cannot be guilty of a lovelier Crime! With theſe words he would have departed, but the Princeſs ſtopped him; and being more out of countenance, and more afflicted for the unjuſt reproach that ſhe had caſt upon him, than for that ſhe had drawn from him, burſting forth in Tears at the door of the Cloſet, ſhe gave but too evident ſigns of her trouble and repentance.

Suffolk on the other hand being deeply ſmitten with that new expreſſion of grief, which compleated his own, had no thoughts of inſulting over it. He ſtood with his eyes fixed on the floor, directing thither his ſighs, as well as looks; and very far from telling her, that ſhe ſhould let him go to the death to which ſhe had condemned him, which another, perhaps, might have done, in a pro-

found silence he considered how he might mollifie the deplorable condition which he saw her in, though he did not endeavour it for fear of reducing her to another as bad. He well perceived that his love disguised it self under all kinds of shapes; and that when it should glance forth under the colour of respect and pity, that would but revive in her the flames which he desired to smother, by making it appear. But as he clearly saw into the heart of the Princess, so she likewise penetrated into his. So that retracting of a sudden the unjust reproach which vexation had made her charge him with: Why do ye force me, said she, to speak what I do not think? And why must I be constrained, seeing I cannot bend you by a real tenderness, which you know so well to be rooted in my heart, to attempt to terrifie you by an imaginary hatred which I affect as well

as

as I can? What is become of us, *Suffolk*, continued ſhe, that your virtue makes me deſpair, and my affection oppreſſes you? At theſe words animated by throbs, ſighs, and tears, which love being reduced to the utmoſt extremity, forced from the lovelieſt mouth, and faireſt eyes in the world, it was not in the power of poor *Suffolk* any longer to reſiſt: his ſtrength failed him, and he fell down upon a Couch. The Princeſs affrighted to ſee him look pale and faint, began to be in the ſame fears for him, that he was daily in for her. And as he had omitted nothing that might perſwade and overcome her, ſo then it fell to her turn to ſpare no means that could ſatisfie and bring him again to himſelf. She told him that ſhe yielded, promiſed to do whatſoever he would have her; and what could ſhe indeed deny him in that ſad condition? And what was ſhe not

not obliged to do to relieve him? However, their converſation could laſt no longer: the Duke of *Suffolk* muſt withdraw; and having with much ado crawled out of the apartment of the Princeſs, the Marqueſs of *Dorſet* who met him, was obliged to Conduct him home.

The diſorder nevertheleſs that appeared in his countenance, was neither ſo conſiderable nor dangerous, as that which no body ſaw. But the one ſuſpended the other. The oppreſſion of the mind, hindered the diſtemper of body; and though he had had a Fever all night long, yet the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, who went next morning in the Kings name to viſit him, found him up. He went himſelf likewiſe to Court, the better to cloak all appearances; and having diſcourſed on ſeveral things with the King, *Suffolk* finding his virtue ſupported by ſecret advantages, which

which his master promised himself from the marriage of his Sister with the King of *France*, they agreed between themselves on the means to bring her to comply. But it was now no more necessary to come to extremities. She began of her self to resolve on it; and the death, or flight of the Duke of *Suffolk*, which she found to be otherways unavoidable, won by little and little from her fears a condescension to the negotiation of the Duke of *Longueville*, to which her Love could never have consented. So that, that worthy Lover, but the most unfortunate of all Lovers, seeing he was too well beloved, being come to her apartment, after that the King and he had agreed what could not be in any other way concluded, found her still in the same disquiet for his health, that he had left her in the day before. But she spake no more to him of any thing which she

ſhe knew might put him in trouble. She fell rather into a kind of Lethargy; and whilſt ſhe uſed violence with her ſelf to conceal it, for fear of ſtirring up his compaſſion, he fell ſoftly to entertain her with thoſe wild and chimerical hopes, which the worſt of fortunes cannot take from the unfortunate, when they have a mind to imagine them. She made a ſhew of being flattered therewith, as well as he. She began to ſpare him, as he ſpared her; and whilſt with a hard curb ſhe checked her more tender paſſions, giving the reins to the moſt violent that ſhe was capable of, the Duke of *Longueville* became the object of them. She did nothing but deteſt the day of his Captivity, and with ſo much the more violence that he revenged himſelf ſo cruelly on him, that had taken him. In a word, ſhe could not look on him, but as a mortal enemy, whoſe ſight ſhe proteſted

ſhe

ſhe could never endure; and it may be ſaid of that *French* Prince, that deſiring by indirect ways to gain all, he loſt all; and that as there was never any Lover, whoſe notions were more fooliſh, ſo likewiſe was there never any who took falſer meaſures. However his negotiation ſucceeded according to the orders which he had received: and the General of *Normandy*, extraordinary Ambaſſadour of *France*, came to *London* to conclude the marriage and peace; in the treaty of which the young King of *Scotland* was comprehended, with excommunication againſt the breakers, becauſe it was authoriſed by the Pope.

After this, the King of *England*, and Duke of *Suffolk*, made it all their care to recover the cheerful humour of the Princeſs, which ſeemed to be baniſhed from her ſoul for the reſt of her days. The Mar-

Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, the Earls of *Surrey*, *Shrewsbury*, *Worceſter*, young *Buckingham*, and all her former Lovers, who now deſiſted from their pretenſions, employed themſelves in that with all their might. The Queen her ſelf willing to contribute thereto, made the firſt offers of being reconciled to her; and the Dutcheſs of *Salisbury*, the Counteſſes of *Derby* and *Pembrock*, did in emulation of one another all that they could to pleaſe her. But her diſtemper was of another nature, than to yield to ſuch weak remedies; and there was none in the world but *Suffolk* able to mitigate it, if he could have wholly concealed his own. Whatever apparent ſatisfaction he made ſhew of, ſhe perceived but too well what an extreme love, with extreme generoſity made him ſuffer. So that after he had kept himſelf on his legs beyond humane ſtrength he fell ſick, which overwhelmed

whelmed her with new troubles, that brought her ſhortly into a condition not much different from his own. There was much ado to conceal the real cauſe of it from the Duke of *Longueville*, who began ſhrewdly to ſuſpect the matter. But in fine, the ſecret was not diſcovered. The preparatives for the marriage were thereby only a little retarded, and *Suffolk* at three weeks end, by the healthfulneſs of his conſtitution ſurmounting the bad humours, which the vexations of mind had ſtirred in him, at length re-eſtabliſhed all matters by his recovery of health. He was very deſirous not to have accompanied the Princeſs unto *France*, and he had but too many reaſons to decline it. But as ſhe demanding of him that laſt complaiſance, could not forbear to tell him, that her reſolution was not as yet very firm; and that even he had not prevailed with

with her but upon that condition, he was obliged to condeſcend. It is true alſo, that having bound him to that hard neceſſity, and well foreſeeing what he might thereby ſuffer in the ſequel, ſhe omitted to tell him nothing that might render it ſupportable to him. The hopes wherewith he had flattered her, were the ſame with which ſhe flattered him. She made ſeriouſly the ſame predictions to him, which he had only made to her out of pity, and to amuſe her thoughts; ſhe grounded both the one and other on reaſons, to give them greater authority, and repreſenting to him always, that he ought not to forſake her in the Precipice, into which he did caſt her, and at that time eſpecially, when nothing but his Preſence could help her to endure the ſight of it; it may be ſaid, that as ſhe received from him ſo ſingular a proof of affection, ſo though

though she gave her self to another, yet she still retained the intire possession of her heart for him.

In the mean time the *English* Fleet was richly equipped for the passage of the Princess. The King her Brother having brought her to *Dover*, conducted her above two Leagues out at Sea: he could not, no more than she, refrain tears at parting; and notwithstanding of the advantage that he promised himself from the alliance of *LOWIS* the Twelfth, yet he found that separation so grievous, that he had sometimes a design to have renounced it. Then did he repent, that he had altogether preferred his own interests to the satisfaction of his dear Sister; and he reproached himself rigorously with it, as he comforted the unfortunate *Suffolk*, who to compleat his afflictions, had also the unprofitable grief of that Prince

to listen to. But though it was unprofitable, and out of season, yet it was sincere; and he had remained long comfortless for the absence of *Mary*, had he not by presaging the future, grounded on his own wishes a strong hope of seeing her again shortly. The Dutchess of *Salisbury*, and Countess of *Pembrook*, as being her Governesses, passed the Sea with her, with several other Ladies, and Women for her service in *France*; particularly her four Maids of honour, *Rene Winfield*, *Susanna Dabenay*, *Martha Sellinger*, and the young *Ann* of *Wolen*. She was attended by a vast number of men, but who were all again to return with the Dutchess of *Salisbury*, and other Ladies after the Ceremonies of the marriage were over; except the Duke of *Suffolk*, the Marquess of *Dorset*, and young *Gray* his Brother, whose Presence the Queen had desired for

six

ſix Months; theſe laſt two, that ſhe might a little diſguiſe the inclination that ſhe had for the other. They had a moſt favourable paſſage, though it being about the end of *October*, they could not have promiſed themſelves ſo fair weather; and that lovely Fleet having come to an Anchor before *Boulogne*, with a ſalute from all the Guns of the City, and Ships in the Harbour, the Duke of *Valois*, with the Dukes of *Alencon* and *Bourbon*, the Counts of S. *Poll*, and *Guiſe*, and a great croud of Courtiers and Gentlemen in Magnificent pomp, came to wait on her at her diſembarking. Next day the Duke of *Valois*, in name of his Father-in-law, eſpouſed the Princeſs: and the day following conducted her to *Abbeville*, where the King in Perſon compleated the Ceremony; and from thence paſſing by St. *Denis*, where ſhe was Crowned, the King arrived at *Paris*, with the

acclamations of all his People, who ſpared nothing for the ſolemnization of his Nuptials and Return.

The Liſts and Scaffolds for the Carrouſel, which he had appointed, were already finiſhed in the place *Des Tournelles*. The ſtructure and ornaments thereof repreſented the Conqueſt of the *Milanois*, for the which he prepared himſelf under the Auſpices of the Queen; and the Cartels and Defies, which in the name of the Defendants were two days after affixed to five Shields, faſtened on five Pillars, which ſupported the triumphal Arch, through which they entered the field, received ſhortly after their anſwers in name of the Aſſailants. It was free, as it is always on ſuch occaſions, to propoſe or contradict ſuch Propoſitions as any one judged fit; and the Shields, or Argent, Sable, and Gules, were only to diſtinguiſh what

what Combats were to be on foot, what on horſeback, what at lance, and what at ſword. And the fifth of Azure, in the middle of the other four denounced the defence of the triumphal Arch, which was contrived by way of a Fortreſs, where twenty Champions were to defend the Aſſault againſt ſixty. There was no difficulty in ordering the Courſes and Combats; for they were not to enter the Liſts, but in Squadrons, where they had placed themſelves according to their inclination; and the Duke of *Valois*, the Counts of *Vendoſme*, S. *Poll*, and *Guiſe*, that led the four firſt, having their march regulated by their Birth, the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, who conducted the other two under the devices of the Queen, eaſily ordered theirs. There was no conteſt, but about the chuſing of the Defendants and Aſſailants of the Fortreſs, by which

the Carrousel was to conclude: because every one desired to be first, as in the place where there was greatest honour to be acquired. But at length, the Duke of *Valois*, who must have had the place had he still persisted in the dispute, having taken upon him the part to attack, by order of the King, that he might the better represent the Siege of *Milan*, which he had in his head, the matter was referred to Lot amongst the other Competitours; and it fell upon the Count of *Guise*, and the Duke of *Suffolk*: of whom the latter in the sequel, amidst the troubles that oppressed him, had some particular reasons to be better satisfied than another. The new Conquests that the young Queen made so soon as she appeared in *France*, occasioned him quickly new vexations; and though in seeing him suffer, and she suffering perhaps as much as he,

he, a part of his cares were ſuſpended: yet that admirable Beauty, which had ſo ſoveraingly triumphed over the ſubjects of the King her Brother, to his continual diſquiet, had no leſs efficacy on thoſe of the King her husband. It would be too great an enterpriſe to ſpeak of all thoſe who were ſmitten by her. Many ſighed, and few durſt complain ſo loud as they would willingly have done; for beſides that Kings cannot endure the declared Lovers of their Queens, the Duke of *Valois*, who was one of the firſt, was not of an humour to ſuffer Rivals.

This young Prince, of an heroical ſtature, and of a conſtitution as amorous as his age and eyes teſtified him to be, returned not from *Boulogne* in the ſame tranquillity that he went. *Mary* of *England* at firſt ſight, made a powerful impreſſion on his heart;

and after he had entertained her ſome time, he was no ſooner retired with the Seigneur *de Chabot*, one of his favorites, but that repenting his marriage with *Claudia* of *France*, he told him, that he came from the ſight of one who would have been far more acceptable to his heart; and that conſidering the age and infirmity of the King, it was cruelty to give him ſo young and beautiful a wife. Acquaintance and converſation ſmothered not theſe firſt Sentiments. The tender and paſſionate air of the young Queen, which promiſed that which ſhe never beſtowed, daily quickened them: and as ſhe thereby diverted her ſelf, that ſhe might have occaſion by ſuch a confidence to divert the penſive *Suffolk*; ſo the Duke of *Valois* miſtaken by an outſide, which deceived all people, gave many times the reins to deſires, that led him farther than

was

was fitting for his repoſe. To this may be added, that the Duke of *Longueville* provoked by the averſion, which the Queen expreſſed to him after the treaty of her marriage, inſtigated that young Prince, by the pretended facility of the Conqueſt. The fooliſh thoughts which he entertained at *London*, turned into deſpight at *Paris*, where by means of a ranſom payable within a certain time, he found himſelf at liberty; and whilſt his arm which he carried ſtill in a ſcarf, ſince his fall at *Therowenne*, ſuffered him not to be of the Carrouſel, all his thoughts were how to create her trouble. So that having procured to be admitted into the confidence of the Duke of *Valois*, as a perſon who could inſtruct him better than any other, in the ways of ſatisfying his paſſion, he was the boutefeau, that inceſſantly puſhed him forward to the utmoſt enter-

terpriſes. In fine, he inflamed the heart of that Prince, who was naturally very ſuſceptible of ſuch flames, to that paſs, that the young Queen could no longer doubt but that he was in love with her; and as ſhe was neither fierce nor ungentle, ſo ſhe appeared neither ſurpriſed nor offended thereat. There was none poſſibly in all the Court but the King, who perceived it not; and Madam being already accuſtomed to palliate the youthful diſorders of her husband, never ſpake of it, but to enjoyn ſilence to others. But the Protonotary *Du prat*, who governed all the houſe of *Angouleſm*, was not ſo eaſie. He was aſtoniſhed at that which charmed the Duke of *Valois* his Maſter; and judging as raſhly of the virtue of *Mary* of *England*, as the Duke of *Longueville* had done, he ſenſibly repreſented to him, that he having the greateſt intereſt in the world not

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to ſolicite her to incontinence, ſhe had the like not to be chaſte; ſo that, as if no body but he could have hazarded with the Queen what *Du prat* feared, he himſelf began likewiſe to dread it. Beſides, he would not have gone to *Boulogne* to eſpouſe her for the King his Father-in-law, but upon the word of *Francieres*, his chief Phyſician, who had aſſured him that he would have no Iſſue by that marriage, ſo that the matter was of higheſt conſequence. The paſſion that *LOWIS* the Twelfth had always to have a Son, would have hindered him from prying into any myſtery. It is poſſible, he would have been glad to have been deceived, as he ſmiling told the General of *Normandy*, upon the firſt propoſals that were made to him of marrying ſo young a Princeſs; and beſides he had a pretty good opinion of himſelf ſtill, to think that he could not be

be miſtaken that way. Moreover, conſidering the zeal that the *French* have for the blood of their Kings, and the joy that they would have to ſee a *Dolphin*, there were none in *France* who could not take all that could be ſaid on ſuch an occaſion for a meer Calumny. Inſomuch that theſe important conſiderations having ſlackned the purſuit of the Duke of *Valois*, and being unwilling to loſe a Crown for a Song, he only retained the delightful notion of a good fortune, which he thought very eaſie to be attained, and which was perhaps in the higheſt degree of impoſſibility. But though he left off ſpeaking of Love, yet he ceaſed not to be amorous. His flame encreaſed by the deſire he had to quench it. And he became even ſo much the more jealous of his deſired bleſs, that not daring himſelf to pretend to it, it continually ran in his head, that another

ther, who might not have the reaſons that he had to refuſe the ſame, would upon the leaſt attempt be ſure to obtain the enjoyment thereof: and in this manner the fear of loſing a Kingdom fomenting his jealouſie, whilſt during the Carrouſel, he carefully avoided the occaſions which would have at length undeceived him as to his thoughts concerning the Queen, he fell ſo ſtrictly to examine all things, that within a few days he diſcovered the inclinations that ſhe had for the Duke of *Suffolk*. He perceived the diſtinction that ſhe put betwixt him, the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, and young *Gray*; notwithſtanding of the dexterity ſhe had, always to joyn theſe two laſt in the favours which ſhe ſhowed the other; and the troubleſom Duke of *Longueville*, joyning to theſe things, what he had heard, (though but confuſedly at *London*) failed not to confirm all his ſuſpicions. Thus

Thus then you ſee the Duke of *Valois* in great perplexity. It is not now jealouſie that torments him. The fear of loſing a Crown ſeems to have deſtroyed his love, and his thoughts tending only to prevent the conſequences wherewith *Du prat* had threatned him, the Queen and *Suffolk* appeared to him every moment, as two ſprights coming to dethrone him. But being of an open and frank ſoul, he quickly diſcovered his pain to him that was the cauſe of it. My Lord *Suffolk*, ſaid he, (drawing him aſide one evening in the King's Anti-Chamber) you love the Queen, and the Queen does not hate you: but I would deſire your love might not coſt me a Crown. *Suffolk* amazed at this diſcourſe, however diſſembled his ſurpriſe. He asked with a great deal of reſpect what the matter was, and by queſtions wide of the purpoſe, endeavoured to hide the emo-

emotions of his heart. But the Prince, who desired to sift him by his discourse, resolved not to ramble, and returning to his design: Yes, my Lord Duke of *Suffolk*, replyed he, you love the Queen, and the Queen loves you; and though I be no enemy to Ladies and their Gallants, yet certainly I shall be one to the Queen and you, if your Gallantry take the liberty that I suspect. Wherefore, continued he, oblige me not to become so. The King cannot live long; and when the Queen is a Widow, I promise not to oppose your desires. So smart an expression, such peremptory words, and the discomposed air that the Duke of *Valois* spoke them in, permitted not *Suffolk* longer to dissemble the Queens Honour, which he saw so openly struck at, but obliged him to take measures by himself. So that, to do the best that possibly he could, in the se-

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cret diſturbance he found himſelf in, he began immediately to complain of thoſe who raiſed ſo injurious reports of the beſt and moſt diſcreet Princeſs in the world. He would not ſay, that he ſpake only ſo to her diſadvantage, becauſe he found that her virtue diſappointed the hopes which he might have conceived againſt it. That would have ſhewed him to have been more acquainted, than he ought to have been with the affairs of her whom he intended to juſtifie. To praiſe her, he thought was enough, by affirming ſtill that ſhe was not well known; and that he having the honour to have ſerved her from the Cradle, had known worthy perſons in *England* over-ſhoot themſelves, as well as ſome in *France* miſtake the meaning of her condeſcending behaviour. And finding himſelf afterward ſufficiently re-aſſured to venture on a piece of railery,

upon

upon the account that the Duke himſelf raiſed his honour, by his fear of loſing a Crown, he concluded, that for the future he ſhould take care not to give him any Umbrage; and that for that effect, and to give him full ſatisfaction, he would take the firſt occaſion to pray the King his Maſter to recal him. To this the Duke of *Valois*, a Prince of a cloſe diſpoſition, and ſometimes a little too credulous, anſwered, That he deſired not ſo much; but that his jealouſie was pardonable, that he was handſom, that he had already occaſioned ſome diſcourſe at *London*, and that he would take it very ill, if he made it worſe at *Paris*; that he had reaſon to ſuſpect, after the freedom that he had uſed with him, that he would urge matters too far, but that to repeat what he had already ſaid, he gave him his promiſe not to croſs his happineſs,

when the fit time was come. *Suffolk*, that he might not put a new edg on the jealouſie of the Duke of *Valois*, let him ſpeak as much as he thought fit, without ſeeming concerned at what he ſaid. He made it his buſineſs rather to undeceive him by an indifferency, which in ſo delicate a juncture himſelf ought to obſerve as well as he; and if he affected it not, ſo well as he defired, at leaſt he had that influence upon him, as to make him ſometimes doubt of what he had believed before. But though he left him ſufficiently ſatisfied, yet he found no reaſon to be ſo himſelf; for the reputation of the Queen was ſo dear to him, that he would have rather baniſhed himſelf from her Preſence, than have occaſioned the leaſt ſtain to her honour. Inſomuch that having no body but her to complain to, of the diſcourſe of the Duke of *Valois*; and having meaſures to take

take in regard thereof, which he judged convenient to agree upon with her, he rendred her an account of all, exact enough to create her much affliction, notwithſtanding of his care to ſoften what was hard and injurious in the terms. But that which touched her neareſt, was the reſolution that he had taken of returning to *England*, that he might prevent the detraction which he ſaw ready to break out. Her Glory was not ſo dear to her, as the Preſence of *Suffolk*; and relying on the great ſtock of her virtue, ſhe cared not much to loſe a little of its Odour, provided ſhe might retain him. But being interrupted before they could conclude any thing, and ſeparated, with great impatience to meet again, the means of that became daily ſo difficult, that they found themſelves in a ſhort time reduced to great perplexities.

Though the Queen entertained a grudg againſt the Duke of *Valois*, yet ſhe thought leſs of doing him any ill office with the King, than to ſecure her ſelf from the Spies that he employed about her. She ſeemed even afraid to provoke him; ſo circumſpect did Love make her, that ſhe might enjoy the Preſence of her dear *Suffolk*: and as ſhe went to bed every night, much dejected in the apprehenſion, that ſhe ſhould hear of his departure; ſo there was eaſily to be obſerved in her ſome little glimpſe of joy, when ſhe ſaw him again next morning. To that continual toſſing, were joyned likewiſe other agitations that encreaſed her pain. Then it was that ſhe rendered full juſtice to the merit of *Suffolk*; the Quality of Queen of *France* had not at all changed her. She continually lamented that ſhe was not his Wife, and all the advantages of her

her Crown, all the complaiſance of a Husband that adored her, being unable to comfort her for the loſs of a man who deſerved ſo much to be loved, did not ſweeten the bitterneſs that was mingled with the affectionate compaſſion ſhe had for him. *Suffolk* on his part, as much aſhamed as afflicted at the diſquiet which he occaſioned to the Queen, upbraided himſelf always with weakneſs, for having followed her into *France*. He wondered at himſelf, how he could have remained there after her marriage; and with indignation putting the queſtion to himſelf every minute, what it was that he could expect at her Court, but diſhonour by his Preſence, he would have willingly given his life for the reparation which he thought he owed her.

But whilſt in this manner they afflicted each other, without being

able to speak together, but by their eyes, nor to complain, but by some Billets which they entrusted to the faithful *Kiffen*, their enemies not satisfied to hold them thus on the Rack, thought to add terrour to it, that they might oblige them to perform by fear, what they perceived them not disposed to do by reason. Besides the Duke of *Longueville*, there were also the Seigneurs of *Montmorency*, *Chatillon*, and *Chalbot*, who being jealous of the advantages that *Suffolk* had won at the *Barriere*, from the bravest Champions of the Court, conspired together to slander the Queen and him. The Duke of *Valois*, already prepossessed by some, and incited by others, could suspect none but him to have put that inscription on the Shield *Azure*, which bore, "That "the modest blush of the Roses of "*England*, was as inviolable, as the "Candour of the Lillies of *France*.

He

He perceived very well that that was a myſterious anſwer, to what he had ſaid to him; and not daring to diſpute that truth, though he much doubted it, he contented himſelf to write underneath, "That "it belonged not to Defendants to "maintain that; and that none but "the Conquerours of the Fortreſs "deſerved ſuch honour. In the mean while being checked by his own conſcience, he began to fear that the King might come to underſtand the reaſon why they diſputed ſuch a matter: though the propoſition being mingled with the intereſt of the Lillies, ſeemed not to bear any private meaning in a *Tournoy*, only deſigned to ſolemnize their Union with the Roſes of *England*. So that ſome of his Confidents having taken upon them to free him from his trouble, bethought themſelves of a ſtratagem; which was, that at the end of the Ball, which was danced

every evening after the Carrouſel, at the ſame time that the Queen did find on her *Toylet* a Paper containing theſe words, *If within three days the Duke of* Suffolk *depart not out of* France, *he is a dead man. Suffolk* undreſſing himſelf, found ſuch another in his pocket: but the ſame cauſe produced not in both of them the ſame effects; for though the Queen terrified, and ready to go and awaken the King, who lay alone two nights before, paſſed the night in mortal trances; yet *Suffolk* exaſperated to ſee matters driven to ſuch an exceſs, reſolved before his departure, to tell the Duke of *Valois* manfully, that murtherers were not able to daunt him. He was fully reſolved on this, when an *Engliſh* Monk brought him a Billet from the Queen, wherein was incloſed, that threatning Paper which ſhe had received in the evening. She adjured him to be upon

upon his Guard; and above all things to forbear the defence of the Forts, and all other Combats. But *Suffolk* unwilling to confirm her diſquiet, and ſuppreſſing the Billet which he had received to the ſame purpoſe, made her anſwer in two words, That it was a falſe allarm, whereof he prayed her not to be affraid, nor take any notice. He was about a minutes time with the King, to tell him the ſame; and afterward continued his exerciſes in courſing and fighting that day, as he was accuſtomed before; and behaved himſelf no worſe againſt *Chatillon*, *Bayard* and *Crequy*, than he had done the days before againſt *Moüy*, *Bonneval*, and ſeveral others. In the mean time, the diſturbed Queen, at what rate ſoever deſired to ſpeak with him. The bad weather which had put a ſtop to the *Tournoy*, ſeemed favourable enough for her deſign. And the atacking of the

the Fort, being by the King delayed for two days, that the Defendants and Aſſailants might have no cauſe to alledg precipitation and haſte, if they failed in their duties, invited her beſides thereto, as a time too precious to be loſt; and though all theſe reaſons had been wanting, yet the extremity of her own deſire was one ſo prevalent, that ſhe could no longer reſiſt it. So that as ſhe went to the Ball which was haſtened, becauſe their other pleaſures had ended too ſoon, having met him again in the Kings Chamber, who was not very well, ſhe bid him not dance ſo long as he was accuſtomed, but that he ſhould withdraw into a place which ſhe ſhowed him: from whence the faithful *Kiffin* ſhould guide him into a private Chamber, where the young *Ann* of *Bolen*, who for ſome days had been ſick, was lodged.

It

It was a nice enterprize, what circumſpection ſoever might be uſed; and the Duke of *Suffolk* having imparted it to the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, who of a Rival was become his intimate friend, *Dorſet* found it to be ſo. Nevertheleſs they concluded together, that the Queen, who without doubt had given all neceſſary orders, muſt not be refuſed; and the rather that ſhe had perhaps ſuch important matters to ſpeak of, as ſhe durſt not commit to the uncertainty of a Billet. So that notwithſtanding of the reluctancy that *Suffolk* had againſt that Interview, yet having taken his meaſures with the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, who took upon him the charge of watching without, he obeyed; and the intrigueing *Kiffen*, who ſtayed for him in the appointed place, led him into the Chamber of *Ann* of *Bolen*, without being obſerved by any. Afterward the

Queen

Queen wearied by ſo many ſhows, but more by her own cares, having left the company, came to her appartment, conducted by the Duke of *Valois*, and Duke of *Alencon*. She cauſed her head to be undreſſed before them, as being very deſirous of ſleep, which obliged them to withdraw; and her Chamber-door being immediately ſhut, *Judith Kiffen*, who lay in her Wardrobe, by a back-door diſmiſſed the Maids that attended her. Shortly after ſhe went to bed, more impatient than afraid to execute what ſhe deſigned. She kept her ſelf cloſe a-bed, until an univerſal ſilence had aſſured her that all people had withdrawn; and ſo ſoon as ſhe heard no more noiſe, ſhe aroſe to go meet the Duke of *Suffolk*. The paſſage was pretty long. It behoved her firſt to enter a Cloſet, paſs a Gallery that adjoyned to a Chappel, and from thence by an entry half

ruined,

ruined, which heretofore ſerved for a paſſage unto her appartment, go to the private Chamber, where the young *Ann* of *Bolen* was at that time attended only by one perſon in her ſickneſs. All things went at firſt as well as the Queen could deſire. She found *Suffolk* in the place appointed; and whilſt *Judith Kiſſen* returned to watch her Chamber, which was not ſo ſecure on the other ſide, where the Maids of honour lodged, they began their converſation. The Preſence of *Ann* of *Bolen* laid no conſtraint on them, for ſhe was one of their Confidents. So that giving full ſcope to their affections, they fell immediately to complain to one another; like Lovers, who deſired no more but the freedom of complaint, and who could not when they would complain. But after theſe common expreſſions of mutual love, the Queen terrified at the Billet which ſhe had

ſent

sent him, desired to know from whence it came; and upon what ground he reckoned a threatning of that nature to be but a false alarm. The answer of *Suffolk*, though prepared before-hand, did not at all satisfie her; and they so perfectly understood one another, that it was very hard for them to take it for good Coyn. So that the Queen making another use of that constrained assurance which he affected, broke forth in rage against the Duke of *Valois*. It was to no purpose for *Suffolk* to tell her, that that Prince being vexed at the *Cartel*, which he had affixed on the Shield *Azure*, had no other design, but to hinder him from maintaining of it by the way that came first into his thoughts; she made no account of such a weak conjecture: and though the young *Ann* of *Bolen* joyning in opinion with *Suffolk*, endeavoured to convince her, both of

of what he ſaid, and of the neceſſity that there was to yield for ſome time to the perſecution; yet was there no appearance of prevailing with her: when *Judith Kiffen* out of breath came running to acquaint her, that Mounſieur and Madam, were in the appartment of her Maids. This advice was a clap of thunder, and the Queen, who conteſted ſo ſtrongly with *Suffolk*, had no more ſtrength, but to follow *Kiffen*, who led her back to her bed ſhaking for fear. The thing that was moſt troubleſom, was, that a retreat in ſo great haſte, and ſo full of fear, could not be made without noiſe. Some body paſſing along the Gallery, and the ſhutting of the door were heard. Sighs and Lamentations were diſtinguiſhed, during the tumult; and there needed no more to confirm Monſieur and Madam in the ſuſpicions, which had as great appear-

pearance as reality. In effect the Duke of *Longueville* having obſerved ſome diſturbance in the Queen, during the Courſes at the *Barrier*; having ſeen her earneſtneſs to ſpeak to the Duke of *Suffolk* in the Kings Chamber, and by ſeveral actions afterwards remarked her impatience to leave the Ball, which ſhe did almoſt as ſoon as he, the Duke of *Valois* could not in reaſon ſlight ſuch advertiſements: beſides, *Bonneval* having by his order gone to *Suffolks* lodging, and not finding him within, that ſeemed to him an evident proof of all that he apprehended. There remained but one way to make a clear diſcovery; ſo that having diſcourſed concerning that with Madam, that he might carry on his deſign with more civility, and leſs noiſe, he brought her, with him to the Queens appartment by the ſtairs of the Maids of honour; under pretext of playing with her

at

at ſome ſmall games, and that they had retired before the ordinary time. *Sellinger*, *Winfield*, and *Dabenay* told him but in vain, that the Queen was aſleep. In vain the Lady *D'aurigny* their Governant, for all ſhe was a *French* woman, prayed them that they would not awake her; for Madam, pretending ſtill the more to be in a merry humour, continued the noiſe that was begun, whilſt that *du Terail*, and *du Trot*, two Gentlemen belonging to the Duke of *Valois*, laid their ears to the Gallery, where there were many chinks. So that the ſpies had given an account of what they heard, when the Queen was upon her returning; and the Duke of *Valois* being out of all patience, Madam ventured to ſcratch the door, that ſhe might eſſay to diſcover ſomewhat more by the anſwer that ſhould be made to her. At that very nick of

time the Queen was got a bed again; and *Judith Kiffen* being ſurpriſed, as people commonly are on ſuch occaſions, not being able to forbear to ask (who is there) left no poſſibility for the Queen to be ignorant, that it was Madam, who muſt not be denied entry. But to make amends for that fault, ſhe had the preſent wit to tell her, that ſhe ſhould counterfeit her ſelf affrighted by ſome Viſion; and that having thereupon riſen again, they had gone together into the Cloſet, and as far as the Gallery, to ſee what the matter could be. Inſomuch that the door being opened to Madam, who ſeemed more and more impatient to be let in, the Queen who had nothing to ſay better, and who without doubt ſpoke more truth than was thought, failed not to complain that ſhe had been put into a great fright. The Duke of *Valois*, who came af-

after, demanded how, and for what? And the air of his countenance betraying the pretended cheerful humour, wherewith he ſaid he was come, the Queen looking pale, and in confuſion, had not much ado on her part, to make appear, that in effect fear hindered her to anſwer: but *Judith Kiffen* more reſolute and cunning, finding in the diſorder that ſhe ſaw her in, not only means to conceal the trouble which ſhe expreſſed not; but alſo to endeavour to deliver her from thoſe that importuned her, caſt her ſelf betwixt them. And ſo ſtaring and caſting about her eyes, as if ſhe had been ſtill terrified by the Spright, which ſhe ſaid ſhe had ſeen all in white, ſhe began to relate to them, how that it had appeared firſt in the Wardrobe, where by fearful geſtures and motions it had obliged her to riſe out of bed; that the Queen up-

on the noiſe ſhe had made, being very timerous, could not remain in hers; that ſhe had choſen rather to follow her naked as far as the Gallery, into which the Spright entered; and that whether it was fear, or cold that had ſeized her, if it was no real Spirit, but ſome apparition made out of an humour, they that played ſuch tricks, had no great regard to her health. That intelligible reproach, though delivered in bad *French*, checked a little the falſe mirth of thoſe to whom it was directed. But the Lady *D'aumont*, to cover their diſorder, taking up *Judith Kiſſen*, replyed, that Monſieur and Madam could not be accuſed of any thing, ſince they were but juſt come, and that in all probability the Queen had received the fright before their viſit. The dextrous *Judith*, who knew well how to make uſe of every thing to ſerve her ends, ſeemed not to diſ-

diſagree. She did as thoſe who ſuffer, and reckon the continuance of their pains by ages, when they have laſted but minutes; and ſhe played her part ſo well, that the Duke of *Valois*, who could hear her no longer, becauſe ſhe ſaid nothing of what he deſired to know, took a Torch himſelf, entred into the Cloſet, and opened the door of the Gallery, as if he intended to ſee what ſhe had ſeen. *Kiffen* was not in the leaſt diſcompoſed at that, though the danger ſeemed to encreaſe. She continued the rehearſal of her Viſion in her own language. She followed the Prince, to ſhow him where the Spright had diſappeared. She led him even as far as the paſſage by the Chappel, being fully prepared to pray him to make no noiſe in that place, becauſe of *Ann* of *Bolen*, whoſe ſickneſs ſhe ſaid was very dangerous; but finding the door that ſhe intended to open,

(contrary to her expectation) well ſhut, ſhe changed her deſign, and ended her ſtory; ſaying, that if it was no apparition made of purpoſe, it muſt needs be then ſome ſoul departed, that deſired the aſſiſtance of prayers. There was however no hole nor corner, either in the Gallery or Cloſet, which the Duke of *Valois* ſearched not. He entred even *Kiffens* Wardrobe. He looked under her bed, and into the Preſſes. He made the Lady *D'aumont* do as much under the Queens; and in fine, ſeeing he could no longer bear out the matter handſomly, but by ſhowing an officious care, he went into the Anti-Chamber, Hall, and as far as the great Stair-caſe. After which, being of a good nature, and finding his diſtruſt condemned by his ill ſucceſs, he returned to the Queen with a more compoſed meen, than he had at his firſt coming: where employing

ploying himſelf in good earneſt to re-aſſure her after her fear, as he himſelf appeared to be better ſatisfied, ſo ſhe began to come to her ſelf again. They fell all a-laughing at the adventure, whereof the imbecillity of *Judith Kiffen*, to whom the vapours of her firſt ſleep had made a Spright appear, was only accuſed; and matters being thus reſtored, the amorous Duke of *Valois*, who on the foot of the Queens bed, where he was almoſt laid along, found her ſo much the more charming, as ſhe had reaſons that night to ſpare it, ſeemed (if it may be ſo ſaid) to devour her with his looks. Madam who knew it, made it not her buſineſs to take him off from that tranſport. On the contrary ſhe beheld him with ſome pitty, burn himſelf at a fire which flamed not. But being free from the diſtractions that he had, and being by nature neither ſo eaſie to be

miſtaken, nor ſo ready to be undeceived, ſhe perſiſted in the ſuſpicion that he had wrought in her. So that drolling with the Queen, ſhe took occaſion to tell her, that ſeeing ſhe was timorous, ſhe would lye by her that night. Though the Duke of *Valois* was quite tranſported with other thoughts, yet he well underſtood what that meant, and that he might ſuffer Madam to do ſo; and being beſides unable to abide longer with the Queen, he withdrew with ſome of the friends of his pleaſures.

Bonneval, who was one of that number, came to meet him; and what he told him of a ſecond ſearch that he had made of the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, to as little purpoſe as the firſt, did not a little contribute to perſwade him that the Duke of *Longueville* was out in his conjectures;

jectures; for after all, the Marquess of *Dorset* was no more to be found than the Duke of *Suffolk*. He caused himself to be denyed at home, that according as things happened, he might have occasion to say that they were both together; and this plot agreed upon betwixt them, might have made the most cunning easily believe, that these two *English* seeking their adventures at *Paris*, as all strangers do, had been together in some secret place of divertisement.

In the mean time, the Queen being a-bed with Madam, notwithstanding the resistance she made; and *Judith Kiffen* besieged by the Lady *D'aumont*, who made her pass the night upon Chairs, *Suffolk* was not a little troubled that he heard no news from them. He judged so much the worse that he knew not what to judg; and to be alone in the secret of the night

night with *Ann* of *Bolen*, without any probability of getting out of the Palace, whereof he knew neither the by-ways nor iſſues, was poſſibly the greateſt perplexity that could happen to a man of his humour. He ſaw nothing on all hands, but grounds of deſpair. He had heard the Duke of *Valois* in the Gallery ſpeak to *Kiſſeu* in a tone, which gave but too evident ſigns of what he had in his mind. The attempt that was made to open the door of the entry, which *Bolen* thought fit to ſhut, had reached his ears; and if he had no reaſon to think that it was certainly known where he was, yet he found ground enough to preſume that there was ſomething at leaſt doubted. By this means, ſeeing the faculties of the ſoul are very quick in the firſt emotions of the heart, he imagined the evil almoſt as great, as if he had been diſcovered; and in that violent

ſtate

ſtate, to which ſo many offenſive imaginations reduced him, he would have made no difficulty to have thrown himſelf out of the window, had he been ſure to have been loſt in a bottomleſs pit, and never found again. In fine, length of time, and the profound ſilence of the night diſſipated theſe firſt terrours. He began to hope that the Queen was come off well, becauſe no body came to him; and reaſoning diſcreetly about what he had to do, he well perceived that ſhe left all the care of that to him. But that was a difficulty which he could not tell how to reſolve. If it was dangerous to remain with *Ann* of *Bolen*, it was far more to attempt an eſcape. The Palace might be inveſted by order of his enemies. There was no probability of avoiding the Guards; and if he ſhould wander in the dark, he was almoſt ſure to fall in the way of thoſe whom he

he feared moſt. Beſides, *Ann* of *Bolen*, who jealous of her reputation, pretended that with ſo much Beauty and Virtue, there was no Crowned head of whom ſhe might not make Conqueſt, would have him by all means to withdraw: and though *Suffolk* was very far from thinking his fortune good, that he had the occaſion to ſpend a night with her in her Chamber; yet with his cares and fears, he had the ſcruples and diſcontents of that maid to ſtruggle with. It behoved them both however to have patience, notwithſtanding of the reaſons they had to be impatient; and young *Bolen* ſubmitting to the neceſſity wherein *Suffolk* was, they concluded at length, that he ſhould ſend a note to one of his ſervants, on which ſhe ſhould write the direction; and that the *Engliſh* Maid that ſerved her ſhould carry it to his lodgings ſo ſoon as it was day.

After

After that, they reaſoned no more. *Suffolk* prayed *Bolen* to take her reſt, as if he had not been in her Chamber; and ſhe fell aſleep, or ſeemed to do ſo, whilſt his thoughts were taken up about his misfortunes: but ſo ſoon as day began to appear, ſhe went into the next Chamber to awaken the Maid that ſerved her. The orders that *Suffolk* gave, were, that one of his ſervants with ſome bundles of Stuffs and Ribban that he had by him, ſhould bring him another ſuit of Cloaths, that he might not be in the habit of one going to a Ball, as he was at that time; and that the note which he wrote to the Marqueſs of *Dorſet*, ſhould be delivered to him. The Chamber-maid did her duty, without diſcovering any thing of the myſtery. And he to whom ſhe was directed, taking one of his companions with him, did likewiſe his. *Ann* of *Bolen* having received them

them both as men, that brought her Stuffs from *England*, entred into the next Chamber, under pretext that there was more light there to chuſe them by. *Suffolk* that lay hid in her Chamber, was immediately traveſted; and his ſervants carried away the Cloaths that he had put off, leaving part of their Stuffs, in the chuſing of which *Bolen* counterfeited her ſelf ſtill buſied; and having met them, he was but a little way got out of that Ladies Chamber, that he might return thither again, like one that came from abroad, when the Marqueſs of *Dorſet* arrived. So that all things ſucceeding according to his wiſhes, and he and his friend having nothing to fear, they made a ſerious viſit to the lovely ſick Lady, the better to countenance their coming out of her appartment. In the mean time *Judith Kiffen* informed them of all that had paſſed with the Queen,

and

and this was all that the diſtruſt of the Duke of *Valois* produced; and the ſo juſt and exact meaſures of the Duke of *Longueville*, being diſappointed by the invention of that woman with her fooliſh viſion, a real affair that was able to have ruined the Queen, was made only a piece of railery. They that ſaw the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Marqueſs of *Dorſet* come out of the appartment of *Ann* of *Bolen*, were not at all ſurpriſed; for beſides that they did it ordinarily, moſt people believed the laſt to be in love with her. From thence they went according to their cuſtom, to wait on the King; where they found all the diſcourſe to be concerning the pleaſantneſs of Madam, who had put the Queen in a fright; every one according to his fancy, relating what the Duke of *Valois* had been pleaſed to make known; and all that was ſaid on that ſubject, looking but like

like a jeſt, it was almoſt forgotten by dinner-time. And a new Comedy was the afternoons divertiſement of the Court.

But the Queen and Duke of *Suffolk*, in the juſt Reſentment that they conceived againſt the Duke of *Valois*, taking the more pleaſure to inſult over the injurious ſuſpicions of that Prince, that all his cunning had ſucceeded ſo ill with him, reſolved for the future not to lye under ſuch conſtraints as they had done the time paſt. They found it even convenient to carry themſelves in another manner after ſo vain an eſſay. They made no longer any ſcruple to talk together, whether it was in the Kings appartment, or during the play; and to go on as far that way as they could, *Suffolk* having found an occaſion to give the Queen his hand, when ſhe was about to retire, made no ſcruple to lay

lay hold on it, and to wait upon her to her appartment: that was all the time they had to entertain themſelves, the courteous Marqueſs of *Dorſet* favouring their deſign. But though their converſation was altogether free, yet it ran not in a very pleaſing ſtrain; for the retreat to which the Duke of *Suffolk* prepared, was a cruel blow which the Queen could not endure. Not but that ſhe was ſufficiently perſwaded of the neceſſity that he had to reſolve on it; for the power of the Duke of *Valois* encreaſed daily, as the health and ſtrength of the King diminiſhed; and that Prince entertaining thoughts of her, from which perhaps ſhe was farther removed than any woman living, could not fail to diſturb the innocent joy that ſhe took at the ſight of *Suffolk*. But ſetting aſide what ſhe had to manage upon her own account, that unfortunate Lover

began to work more compaſſion in her, than he was wont to do. She could not now reward him, as ſhe deſired; and all her gratitude being limited by ſuffering for him, what he ſuffered for her, permitted her not to refuſe that laſt occaſion of imitating his virtue. So that conſenting only to his departure, becauſe it would produce in her the ſame afflictions, which her marriage had cauſed in him; as by an exceſs of love, he ſpoke no more to her of his troubles, ſo ſhe was willing to conceal from him the cares to which ſhe prepared her ſelf. She only engaged him to return upon the firſt orders that he ſhould receive from her, and he made no difficulty to promiſe it. It was but a falſe joy drawn from the ſtock of his grief, that he made appear at parting. His heart ſufficiently ſtruggled againſt it, and under the terrible apprehenſions where-

wherewith abſence threatned him already, he would have perhaps confeſſed that he deſigned to return, if he durſt have ſpoken the truth. But at that time, neither the Queen, nor he, expreſſed what they thought. They both feared too much to ſoften one anothers heart, in a time when it behoved them to look on one another with ſome kind of obdurateneſs; and *Suffolk* who could endure no longer, was upon the point to give the Queen the good-night, when ſhe being reduced to the ſame extremity, ſqueezing his hand between hers, diſmiſſed him.

The night that followed that ſad evening, proved to them one of thoſe tedious nights, which are not known but by the diſtreſſed Lovers. Next morning they needed all their invention, to hinder their affliction from being obſerved. The Queen masked her

trouble with the grief ſhe pretended to have for the Kings drooping condition; and *Suffolk* being taken up with the buſineſs he had to do the day following at the triumphal Arch, wherewith the Count of *Guiſe* he was to defend, acquitted himſelf ſo well of his duty, that no body took notice of the diſorder of his mind.

In effect, there was never any thing more gallant or better ordered than the Squadron that he led. The *Engliſh* Champions were all, as himſelf was, cloathed in green Velvet, edged with Cloth of Gold, with croſſes wrought with Roſes of red Velvet, crowned with Garlands of Lillies in ſilver embroidery. That device, beſides that it had a very oppoſite relation to the propoſition which he had affixed on the Shield *Azure*, agreed likewiſe very well with the principal ground of the ſolemnity.

lemnity. Neither did that of the Duke of *Valois*, on a blew ground, for all its Magnificence; nor the reſt who came in order with moſt rich and ſplendid Liveries, ſo much attract the eyes of the Beholders, as it did; and the King who was better by day than by night, being come to the Carrouſel, approved it not only with his looks, but his applauſe alſo. The attack of the triumphal Arch began with the ſound of Trumpets, and the noiſe of Cannon fired from the Towers of *Baſtille*. It laſted almoſt two hours, each Party, and every Champion omitting nothing of the fineſt and moſt regular practices of War; and as the Aſſailants made inconceivable efforts, ſo the Defendants maintained it with ſo much vigour, that the Queen who was always in fear for *Suffolk*, repreſenting to the King, that Courage incited by emulation, might ſometimes be

exaſperated in a matter of pleaſure and recreation, he ſent the Judges of the Field to put an end to the Combat, by declaring that the Glory was equal on both ſides. The health of the Prince which was thought ſomewhat reſtored, invited all the Gallants to begin ſome new feats afreſh. But ſeeing the Queen, although ſhe ſtrove againſt her humour, ſeemed not at all taken with ſuch kind of Divertiſements, he was glad, being deſirous to oblige her more and more, by reſigning himſelf wholly to her pleaſure, to delay the propoſed ſolemnities of rejoycing until the month of *January*.

This offered a reaſon to the Duke of *Suffolk*, to ſpeak to him of his departure; and though that good King, who loved to ſee him, made ſome difficulty to let him go; yet the matter went off exceeding well under the common pre-

pretext, that every one took to withdraw from Court, in a time when there was nothing to be done there. He pretended some affairs that called him back into *England*. He promised to be back before the Carnaval, and two days after that his equipage was gone, having taken his leave of the King, and Duke of *Valois*, to whom he thought it not convenient to express himself any more, and having no occasion to take leave more particularly of the Queen, he took horse accompanied with young *Gray*, Brother to the Marquess of *Dorset*, and six in train. Not that he desired his company: On the contrary it would have rejoyced him to have been alone; and though he was abundantly satisfied that his fair Queen loved him with all her heart; yet he looked upon himself but as a wretch, who desired to be abandoned of all the

world, ſeeing he was forſaken by himſelf. He never thought more of ſeeing *Mary* of *Lancaſter* again. He was already plodding into what Countrey remote from her, he ſhould go end the miſerable remainder of his days; and as the vehemency of his affliction prompted him to that deſign, ſo the imperious idea of his ſecret extraction preſenting it ſelf to his imagination, to encreaſe his pain, began likewiſe to tempt him thereto. All the little diſpleaſures which he had effaced at the Court of *England*, took place again in his memory. He could not excuſe himſelf for having carried the name of *Brandon* there ſo long, when he had one ſo illuſtrious to bear. The favours of *HENRY* the Eighth appeared to him but ignominious trifles. In fine, having no mind to return into *England*, but that he might declare what he was; and like a ſick perſon,

ſon, who turns and tumbles every way to find a more eaſie poſture, which he meets with no-where, giving way to (I know not what) piece of vanity, that ſeemed to mitigate his grief, becauſe it was an effect thereof, he imployed, in thoughts as vain as ambitious, that ſevere reprieve, which he owed only to the Greatneſs of his misfortune. O! *Mary* of *England*, what kind of love is this, that does in ſuch a manner oppreſs! your Empire over the Duke of *Suffolk* was never ſo great, as when he durſt think that you had none; and the revolt of that lovely ſoul gave you greater proofs of its ſubjection, than all the teſtimonies of love and reſpect, which he had given you heretofore. True it is alſo, that that revolt laſted not long enough to be thought of any conſequence. Fortune that preſerved to you ſo worthy a Conqueſt, was upon the dawn-

dawning to Crown its merit. But as ſhe never beſtows any favours, and chiefly ſuch as may be called Soveraign and Supreme, without the price of an extreme affliction, which ſeems to compleat all her other croſſes; ſo ſhe reſolved to reduce the Duke of *Suffolk* to the utmoſt extremity, before ſhe put you in a condition of being his.

Having departed from Court in a diſorder of mind, that cannot be well expreſſed, he continued by very eaſie journeys his way to *Calais*, wherein a deſign of wandring over the world, deſiring to retain but two of his ſervants, he was thinking with himſelf already of means to give young *Gray* the ſlip; when at the Towns-end of *Ardres*, entring into a little Cops, which leads to *Guines*, ten men well mounted broke forth upon him and his train. At the firſt charge they gave,

gave, his horſe having received a Carbine-ſhot in the head, after ſome bounds, fell into a kind of Lake, which the Winter-rains began to make on the ſide of the high-way; and he was ſo engaged under his horſe, that that fall would have determined all his fortune, if three other Gentlemen coming from *Guines*, and joyning young *Gray*, had not given *Bokal* his *Valet de Chamber* time to come to his aſſiſtance. Seeing he was not at all hurt, he got quickly out of the water, and mounted another horſe; and deſpair or anger encreaſing his natural ſtrength, though the match was then petty equal, the engagement laſted not long. Two of the moſt deſperate, who thought to overthrow him, were themſelves knocked down by the weight of his blows. Young *Gray*, and the three unknown Gentlemen, whom fortune had guided into that place, did

did as much to thoſe that bore head againſt them; and of the remaining four, who bethought themſelves only of flight, one being fallen, about a hundred paces off, the faithful *Bokal*, who ſuſpected that the Duke of *Longueville* had ſuborned theſe Aſſaſſines againſt his Maſter, thought beſt to make him Priſoner. That wretch gave them ſufficient information of the truth of the matter, that they were ſome of the Emperours *Reiſtres*, who came from their Garriſon of *Dunkerk*, as far as that Countrey, to commit Pillage and Robberies. Nevertheleſs the unjuſt ſupicion of *Bokal* produced very troubleſom conſequences for the Duke of *Longueville*, who was in no way capable of a bad action. It was the cauſe that he was very rigorouſly dealt with about the ranſom which he owed ſtill; and as he thought to have payed it by the

the ranſom of *Peter de Navar* taken Priſoner at the Battel of *Ravenna*, which *LOWIS* the Twelfth had given him; ſo theſe diſpoſitions altering under the Reign of *FRANCIS* the Firſt, who received that *Spaniard* into his ſervice, the King of *England* preſſed the Duke of *Longueville* the more, that knowing him to be in a neceſſity of ranſoming himſelf, he would have him puniſhed for that pretended Riot, and for every thing elſe that he had done againſt the Duke of *Suffolk*.

But though this bad Rancounter had nothing extraordinary in appearance, ſince it happens very frequently that Robbers ſet upon Paſſengers on the High-ways, who are ſuccoured by others; yet in this their befel one of the oddeſt adventures, that perhaps can be imagined: when the Duke of

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Suffolk having discovered that the chief of the three that had aided him, was the Earl of *Kildare*, that fierce enemy knowing him likewise, told him, That all his business in *France* was to fight him once more. Without doubt no accident more surprising could have happened to either of them; and as the one desperately mad with himself, seemed by casting up his eyes to heaven, to ask the stars, what fatality had brought him to save the life of a man, whom he only sought to kill; so the other fixing his on the ground, knew no more than he wherefore it was, that he should be indebted to him. In fine, the *Irish* Earl complained and huffed, as he was accustomed to do in any other occasion. He demanded instantly satisfaction for the wounds he had received in *Richmont* Park, and the disgrace he had fallen into after that unlucky duel;

duel; and it was to no purpoſe for *Suffolk*, who began to liſten to him, and excuſe himſelf for all that had paſſed, to proteſt that he would never fight againſt one that had defended his life, for rage rendred *Kildare* either deaf or implacable. So that the other, to ſatisfie him, drawing again the ſword which he had juſt put up, and throwing it into the wood, approached thus diſarmed to the point of his. But that was a day that produced ſtrange adventures; for the fury of the Earl of *Kildare* ceaſed of a ſudden, and that fiery man was ſo affected with *Suffolks* action, that throwing his ſword into the ſame place of the Wood, as he had done, he came running towards him with open arms, crying with tears, That he would never be any more his enemy. After which, there was no kind of friendſhip which they ſhowed not to one another; and this

this days adventure having interrupted the deſign which *Suffolk* had to wander over the world, he yielded to go to *Calais* with the Earl of *Kildare*; ſaying ſometimes within himſelf, by a tenderneſs of heart, which makes true Lovers know the force of their love, that he went only to *London* to endeavour the re-eſtabliſhment of his defender. And in effect the procedure of that generous enemy was the firſt thing he told the King his Maſter; and that Prince who loved rare and ſingular adventures, the more admired that action of the *Iriſh* Earl, that he thought him not capable of ſuch generoſity. So that he gave him a very favourable reception; and reſtoring him again into favour, by that means united theſe two Rivals into ſo ſtrict a bond of friendſhip, that nothing could afterward diſſolve it.

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In the mean while, as the return of the Duke of *Suffolk* was in agitation; and that upon the complaints which the Queen made by her Letters, the King of *England* intended to ſtand on his points with the Court of *France*; hardly had he projected the meaſures he was to take in that conjuncture, when the Marqueſs of *Dorſet* wrote an account of the Death of *LOWIS* the Twelfth. It would be hard to give an exact relation of what the Duke of *Suffolk* conceived upon this great news. It wrought a new change in him not to be expreſſed; only after he had done all that could be done for *Mary* of *England*, after that he had ſacrificed her to her ſelf by an exceſs of Virtue, by ſacrificing himſelf for her in an exceſs of Love, nothing elſe can be ſaid, but that the reward which ſo high and extraordinary an action

deſerved, began to ſhine in his eyes. There was nothing able to moderate his joy, but a falſe report that was ſpread abroad of the Queens being with Child. For beſides that this would have left him no hopes, it being unlikely that the Mother of a *Dolphin* of *France* could leave her Sons Kingdom, or enter into a ſecond marriage with a perſon, ſuch as he was taken to be; he dreaded likewiſe that the Duke of *Valois*, whom ſhe would thereby diſappoint of a Crown, might not revolt againſt her. He likewiſe feared the Calumnies which the Favourites of that Prince would not fail to publiſh, after that they had already ſlandered her; and that fatal conception, at length ſeemed to rob him of all that he thought was left him by the Death of *LOWIS* the Twelfth. But it happened to be a miſtake. And the Queen

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having her ſelf declared the contrary, that the Proclamation of the Duke of *Valois* might not be held in ſuſpenſe; it was quickly perceived that ſhe was the firſt who acknowledg'd him King of *France*, by the name of *FRANCIS* the Firſt; and the Marqueſs *de Sanſerre*, who in the name of that Prince arrived ſhortly at *London*, to renew the Treaty of Peace, which the King his Father-in-law had concluded the year before, put an end to the troubles of the Duke of *Suffolk*. So that his heart being filled with joy, *HENRY* the Eighth, whoſe care it was alſo to render him happy, would no longer delay his bliſs. He condeſcended to all that was propoſed to him for the continuation of the Treaty; and becauſe with the intereſts of the two Crowns, it behoved him likewiſe to regulate the concerns of the Queen his Siſter in Quality

of *Dowager*, he took that pretext to ſend *Suffolk* into *France* with the title of Ambaſſadour *Plenipotentiary*, which he diſcharged with ſo great ſplendour, that Prince *Henry* Count of *Naſſau*, who came to *Paris* at the ſame time in name of the Arch-Duke, about the affairs of the Low-Countries, was ſomewhat troubled to ſee a ſubject of *England* ſo highly out-do him.

But as there was nothing in *France* that could equal the Magnificence of the *Engliſh*, and all the Court of *FRANCIS* the Firſt, were envious at it, as well as the *Flemings*; ſo there was nothing in the ſame Kingdom at that time comparable to the Beauty of the Queen. The air wherewith ſhe received the Duke of *Suffolk* at the Palace *des Tournelles*, made the wits at Court ſay, That ſhe needed not too

too much virtue to comfort her for the death of a husband; and it muſt be acknowledged, that under her mourning Veil and Peak, which by the light of a vaſt number of Torches, ſet more advantageouſly off the delicate whiteneſs of her skin, nothing was to be ſeen in her that day, which might occaſion melancholy or grief. That raillery was carried as far as poſſibly it could be, whilſt the neceſſity of the affairs which they had to regulate with the King of *France* and his Miniſters, obliged them often to ſpeak together, and to be by themſelves. But whatever hath been ſaid of them, and whatſoever reports have been raiſed of their mutual complaiſances, or the joy that they had to meet again; yet it is ſtill true, that they never gave any ground for Calumny and Reproach. If they were ſo near to make a ſlip, as

men imagined; yet they were cautious; and in dangerous occaſions, when they might have done otherways, they virtuouſly reſiſted temptation.

The new King of *France* was not of that temper; for that Prince naturally very free with women, would have made no Ceremony to have perſwaded the Queen, had ſhe been in the leaſt inclined to hear him. He had many times much ado to leave her, when the affairs of his Kingdom required it; and for all the Grandure and Magnanimity which hath appeared in the courſe of his life, yet being at that time too weak for his paſſion, he appeared ſometimes ſo peeviſh, and out of humour, that the ſame detracting tongues which have endeavoured to ſully the reputation of *Mary* of *England*, have given it out, that his amorous fever

fever made him ſo light-headed, as to deteſt his marriage with the Daughter of *LOWIS* the Twelfth: and to proteſt more than once, that he had rather have enjoyed his Widow than his Kingdom. Whether it was an effect of the Queens ſweet diſpoſition; or that ſhe was pleaſed to revenge her ſelf for the troubles that he cauſed her, before he was King, ſhe appeared not altogether inexorable. Yet ſhe was ſtill the ſame at the heart, and never what he took her to be. So that one day, when her beauty ſo ſurpriſed him, that he forgot ſome of his meaſures, thinking to take her on the right ſide, he told her, That ſince he himſelf could not expect to be happy, it behoved him at leaſt to endeavour to make her ſo, that therefore he would marry her to the Duke of *Suffolk* whenſoever ſhe pleaſed, that he feared no

conſequences of that marriage; that he would be Guarrantee of it to all men; and that he would take upon him to perſwade the King her Brother to conſent thereto. To this propoſition he added many marks of affection, and dextrouſly inſinuated how much it had coſt him before he could bring himſelf to that reſolution; ſo that the fair Queen perceiving him in appearance exceedingly moved, and ſuffering him to ſpeak all that he pleaſed, by geſtures and looks affected ſeveral times not to be altogether inſenſible. But having done ſo, and judging that he thought her ſufficiently touched, ſhe roſe from the chair, and looking on him with an air, which might at firſt falſifie all the applauſe that ſhe had given to his diſcourſe; ſhe anſwered, That he had never well known her, and that he knew her not as yet. That in *France* ſhe was taken for

for a ſtrange perſon: but that the *French* themſelves were a ſtrange-humoured people; and that ſhe well perceived that amongſt them a young Queen, who would be thought virtuous and diſcreet, though ſhe were naturally affable and courteous, muſt not ſhow her ſelf to be ſo. That as to the Duke of *Suffolk*, ſhe ſaw very well that it was known that ſhe had an eſteem for ſo worthy a Gentleman, and that ſhe was willing he ſhould be ſo far in her ſecrets, as to tell him ſomewhat more particular; that ſhe had ſometimes wiſhed he had been born a King. But that that being but a vain wiſh, *Suffolk* muſt be ſatisfied with her eſteem; and for the reſt, that there were Soverains that demanded her, and Kings who having demanded her from her Child-hood, might ſtill demand her. This brisk anſwer not being underſtood, did the more

more vex the King, that he thought he had found a ſure way to render the Queen pliable. Yet for all that he gave not over. He believed her to have been ſurpriſed, or that ſhe made it ſtrange to be free with him; and from time to time renewing the diſcourſe of the marriage with the Duke of *Suffolk*, though it was uneaſie to him to ſpeak good of a Rival; yet as at that time he ſhowed himſelf a moſt paſſionate Lover, ſo he had at leaſt the advantage of a favourable hearing. In the mean while he got no ground upon her; and the affairs of the Queen being now concluded, ſhe made it her buſineſs to prepare for her return into *England*.

Then was the time that the Love of *FRANCIS* the Firſt, which before was always but a gentle heat in his heart, became a fu-

a furious passion. Many hours he restlesly spent, a thousand violent thoughts he hatched; and if he had not had as tractable and pliable a mind, as he had a high and generous Courage, probably he had run upon strange extremities. But at length he took counsel of the wise, in whom he confided; and his love and despair changeing into pure Gallantry, all his intentions were to give signal proofs of the command he had over himself. But all the advances that he had already made in that laudable design; and all the pomp and magnificence wherewith he had ordered the lovely Queen (whom he was so loth to quit) to be conducted out of his Territories, were nothing so obliging to her, nor so great for himself, as the Letter, which (after the signing of all the Treaties that had been concluded by the Ministers on either

ther ſide), he wrote with his own hand to the King of *England*, to this effect; "That there being "few Kings, who in perſonal "worth excelled the Duke of "*Suffolk*, he ought to beſtow on "him ſo much of the Grandure "of his Kingdom, as might put "him in a capacity to marry the "Queen his Siſter. That if there "were nothing on his part, that "might hinder ſuch a lovely "union, for his own part he free-"ly conſented to it; and that "having beſides propoſed to the "Arch-Duke the marriage of the "Count of *Naſſaw*, with the "Princeſs of *Orange*, he ſhould "much rejoyce to hear, that the "two Ambaſſadours, who had "procured him the friendſhip of "his illuſtrious neighbours, had "received in recompenſe, the one "the moſt beautiful Queen in the "world, and the other the richeſt "Princeſs of the Low-Countries.

Thus

Thus did *FRANCIS* the Firſt Crown his Love by a truely heroical action, whereof another King ſlighted in his Love, as he was, would hardly have been capable. It was the firſt action, but not the leaſt laudable of his Reign, though that might afford matter for a continued Elogy. There is nothing ſo great as for a man to conquer his own paſſions. There are few that deſire, much leſs atchieve it. And Kings eſpecially, when they are amorous and young, are not accuſtomed to put their virtue to ſuch a tryal.

The Queen found her ſelf infinitely obliged to the ſincere procedure, which followed ſo generous an effort; but durſt not profeſs ſo much, for fear of expoſing her ſelf to new troubles. She thought it enough to correſpond with it by all the civilities which might evidence her acknowledgment,

ment, without reviving ſmothered flames; and that Conduct of the moſt charming Princeſs of the world, gaining intirely the eſteem of a King, who craved no more from her, but friendſhip, ſo fully re-placed her in the reſpect of all the Court, notwithſtanding of envy and detraction, that there was not ſo much as one that belonged to it, who ſeemed not troubled at her approaching departure. The leſs poliſhed Gallants lamented it; and the others having underſtood the merit of the Duke of *Suffolk*, during the time of his Embaſſie, were almoſt all of opinion, following the example of the King, that the Queen had reaſon to love him. All the diſcourſe therefore at Court of their mutual affection, was with reſpect, and even with ſome kind of admiration; and in fine, every one conforming their Sentiments to theirs, their

their true joy became the greater by approbation.

The lovely Queen was conducted by all the Court as far as *Compiegne*, from whence the King ſtill tranſported with Love, reſolved in perſon to convey her to *Boulogne*, where he had firſt received her. The Duke of *Suffolk*, who kept purpoſely by the Queens Conſort all the way from *Paris* to *Compiegne*, where ſhe lived, that he might give the King the greater liberty, did the ſame from *Compiegne*, till they arrived at *Boulogne*; and was always in company with the Dukes of *Alencon* and *Bourbon*, from whom he received all ſorts of civility.

The Duke of *Longueville* fruſtrated of his idle thoughts, and reflecting on the ranſom which he owed in *England*, uſed all his en-

endeavours, but in vain, to procure his protection. The Queen had often declared againſt him, and *Suffolk* durſt promiſe nothing without her Approbation.

Though there be great antipathy betwixt the two Nations, yet in all appearance their Adieus were friendly; and that of *FRANCIS* the Firſt to the Queen, was ſo tender and paſſionate, that ſhe could not forbear to condole the affliction that he lamented. That unſeaſonable and fruitleſs ſenſibleneſs, rendred him ſomewhat more afflicted than he was. He regrated the loſs of her the more, that judging of her heart by ſome Sentiments, which on that laſt occaſion ſhe ſcrupled not to diſcover to him, he found her more and more worthy to be beloved. But at length they muſt part; and the grief that thereupon he conceived, ſo deeply affected

ſected him, that it would have laſted much longer than it did, if he had not ſoon after met with great affairs that firſt ſuſpended, and by degrees removed it at length.

In the mean time the fair Queen arrived in *England* after a paſſage as fortunate, as carried her from thence; and the King her Brother received her at *London* with a countenance full of the kindneſs that he had always had for her, reſolving immediately to compleat *Suffolks* bliſs; but finding that the *decorum* of the Widow-hood of a Queen of *France*, would not for ſome time allow it, that he might of a ſudden cut off that, and all other difficulties which might be raiſed by his ſubjects; he cauſed them to be privately married, reſerving the publication thereof, until he thought it time to celebrate

the Solemnity. They were married by the old Cardinal of *York*, and few were present; there being none on the part of the Duke of *Suffolk*, but the Marques of *Dorset*, and Earl of *Kildare*.

It would be now time to speak of their great and mutual satisfaction, were it not very easie to be conceived, that the possession of a desired happiness is so much the more pleasant, that it hath cost dear in the purchase. Never was Queen so satisfied to strip her self of Royalty, nor man so pleased with a Queen. To conclude, they deserved, as they enjoyed, a Soveraign felicity on earth. They were from their infancy the sole delight of one another. They loved to the utmost extent of love; and their humours and inclinations suited so perfectly in all things, that, notwithstanding the difference of their fortunes, their

their ſouls had all the Qualities that might contract an indiſſoluble Union. And therefore have they deſerved the glorious name of true Lovers, and in my judgment there are but few that can aſpire to the Honour of ſuch a Character.

FINIS.

Postſcript.

THE deſign that I propoſed to my ſelf in Writing of the Engliſh Princeſs, and Duke of Suffolk, ſuffers me not to proceed any farther. Yet if any deſire to know the reſt of their Lives, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfie them.

About the time that they were married, HENRY the Eighth giving way to the bad counſels of Biſhop Woolſey, the moſt part of the Grandees of England conſpired againſt that Miniſter. The Duke of Suffolk was one of the firſt; and Woolſey declared againſt him with the greater heat, that looking on him as the moſt conſiderable of his Enemies, he found occaſion to charge him

him with the reſtitution of certain ſums of money that had been furniſhed him out of the Treaſury for his Embaſſy in France. *It was a Largeſs of the Kings: but that Miniſter, who then had all the power in his hands, alledged it was but lent. Inſomuch that the young Queen* Dowager *having offered for* Sutfolk *a part of her Jewels, whereof* Woolſey *immediately made uſe to procure a Cardinalſhip; their marriage came thereby to be declared in an unſeaſonable time, which obliged them both to retire into the Countrey, to the ſhame of the Soveraign that ſuffered it without taking notice thereof. There for the ſpace of three years, they led a moſt happy life; notwithſtanding the little rubs which ſometimes they met with from Court; and with regret they left their ſolitude, when the King of* England *recalled them to accompany him at that famous Interview which he had with the*

King of France, *betwixt* Ardres *and* Guines *in the year One thousand five hundred and twenty. The King of* France *had a great desire once more to see the lovely Queen, with whom he had been so much in love; and the King of* England, *who in the inconstancy of mind wherewith he is charged, repented that he had consented to her retirement, omitted not that occasion to put an end to it. Upon this return they began at* London *to call her the* Dutchess-Queen, *in opposition to the* French, *who at* Ardres *and* Guines, *called her always the* Queen-Dutchess. *The King of* France, *seeing her at that time in a Beauty to which nothing could be added, though she had already had two Children, felt his old flames revive again. The action which one morning he did, when he went almost alone to visit the King of* England, *and which some Historians have taxed with imprudence, was*

was an effect of his love. His design was not to see the Brother, the Sister was his object; though he had no ground to promise himself success, and though he had not so much as any intelligence about her. But so soon as he was known, the Seigneur de Chalbot, *and another that waited on him, advised him to come off as well as he could, which he did; and the matter past for a frolick of* FRANCIS *the First, who intended to give the King of* England *a clean shirt: and the King of* England *himself was thereby so deceived, that two days after, without any other design, he rendred him the like frolick. If I had continued the History so far, it would have been pleasant to have enlarged upon that adventure, and upon all the Gallantries that then passed between the two Nations, where by prodigious expences, they displayed all their Glories. The King of*

France,

France, *for love of the fair Queen, made at that time the Duke of* Suffolk *a Knight of his Order; and that illuſtrious Husband, was ſo far from taking that for a ſubject of jealouſie, that being ſo well perſwaded of the virtue of his Wife, he wore always the Chain and Medal; even at that time when being General of the* Engliſh *Army, he took from the* French *the Towns of* Mont-didier *and* de Roy.

Brandon *Duke of* Suffolk, *as he was one of the greateſt Captains of his age, ſo was he likewiſe one of the wiſeſt Councellors of his King; and whether in the affairs which that Prince had at the Court of* Rome, *and with the Emperour* CHARLES *the Fifth, when he intended his divorce with* Catherine *of* Spain; *or otherways, when the buſineſs was to ruin Cardinal* Woolſey; *or in the domeſtick diſorders, which obliged*

liged him to put to death Ann of Bolen, his ſecond Wife; in all theſe he received from him very conſiderable ſervices: though on that laſt occaſion, when there was a neceſſity of condemning a beautiful Criminal, for whom he had always entertained a great eſteem, the generous Suffolk was very loth to engage. And the truth is, after that time he never enjoyed himſelf more. Queen Catherine dying a little before that cruel execution, which would have but too much revenged her on her Rival, if it had been performed in her life-time: the Dutcheſs-Queen died ſhortly after, to wit, in the twentieth year of her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk. This bereft him of all comfort for the reſt of his days; and being unable to abide longer at Court, as well becauſe of that loſs, as of the diſorders of his King, which encreaſed with age, he choſe rather to command the Army againſt the Rebels in Yorkſhire, where he fully

fully crowned his Glory. He had five Children by the Queen, whereof the two Males dyed both in one day, of the distemper which is called the English *Sweating-sickness*; and of his three Daughters, who were all married to the greatest Lords of the Kingdom, the eldest named Frances, married to Henry Gray, Son to the Marquess of Dorset, his intimate friend, was the cause of his death. She falling sick in one of her Countrey-houses, and he loving that dear Daughter the more, because she perfectly resembled his deceased Queen, used so great diligence to come to her, that he thereby dyed. Thus the Prophesie of Merlin may be seen fulfilled in his person, supposing that he had been the Grand-child of the Duke of Clarence. Since that, how innocent soever that daughter was of his Death, yet the too great zeal that he had for her, was that which destroyed him. At least to judg by the event, the words of that Astrologer seem pretty

pretty juſt. The only thing that can make me doubt of it, is the little care that I ſee in him, during his life, to make known his ſecret Quality of a Prince of York. *What tyranny ſoever may oblige a Prince to conceal himſelf for a time, yet if he have a great and generous ſoul, as* Suffolk *had, it is hard for him to continue always obſcure; and truely royal blood ſoon or late becomes conſpicuous in* Heroes. *Unleſs it may be ſaid of him, that the poſſeſſion of what he loved having fulfilled all his deſires, he feared either to diſturb his own felicity, by diſcovering himſelf, or to wrong his Children, who according to the cuſtom of* England, *would have certainly been put to death upon the leaſt ſuſpicion of the truth.*

FINIS.

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